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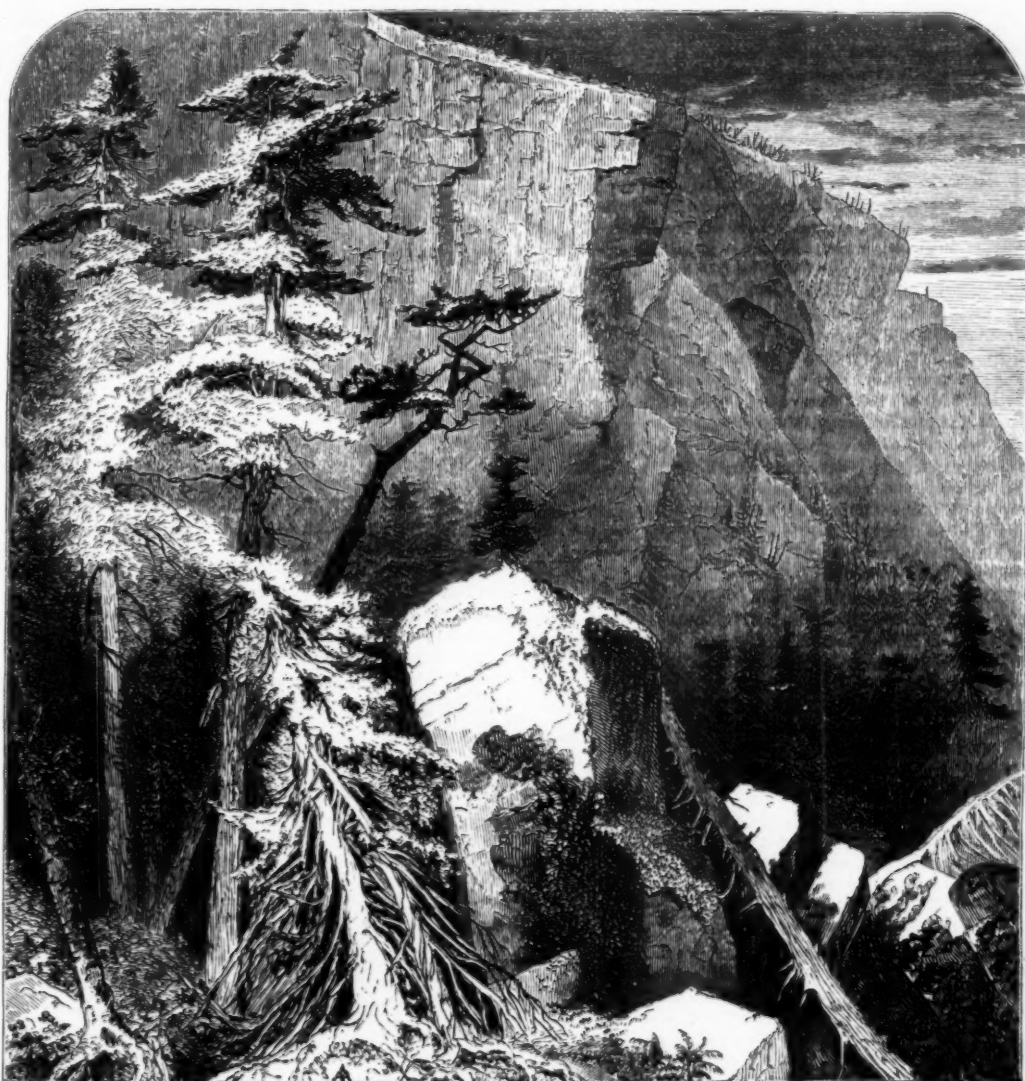
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THE SOURCE OF THE HUDSON.



THE source of the Hudson River is in Essex County, New York, in the Indian Pass, a savage and stupendous gorge in the wildest part of the Adirondack Mountains, in that lonely region which the aborigines rightly named Coux-a-cra-ga, or the Dismal Wilderness, the

larger portion of which has never yet been visited by white men, and which still remains the secure haunt of the wolf, the panther, the great black bear, and the rarer lynx, wolverine, and moose. The springs which form the source are found at an elevation of more than three thousand feet above the sea, in rocky recesses, in whose cold depths the ice of winter never melts entirely away, but remains in some measure even in the hottest months of the year. Here, in the centre of the Pass, rise also the springs of the Ausable, which flows into Lake Champlain, and whose waters reach the Atlantic through the mouth of the St. Lawrence several hundred miles from the mouth of the Hudson; and yet so close are the springs of the two rivers, that the wild-cat lapping the water of the one may bathe his hind feet in the other, and a rock rolling from the precipices above could scatter spray from both in the same concussion. In freshets, the waters of the two streams actually mingle. The main stream of the Ausable, however, flows from the north-east portal of the Pass, and the main stream of the Hudson from the southwest. It is locally known as the Adirondack River, and, after leaving the Pass, flows into Lakes Henderson and Sanford. On issuing from them it receives the name of Hudson, and passes into Warren County, receiving the Boreas and the Schroon, which with their branches bring to it the waters of a score or more of mountain lakes and of tarns innumerable.

The scenery of the source is thus described by Mr. Lossing in his book of "The Hudson from the Wilderness to the Sea:"

"We entered the rocky gorge between the steep slopes of Mount McIntyre and the cliffs of Wallace Mountain. There we encountered enormous masses of rocks, some worn by the abrasion of the elements, some angular, some bare, and some covered with moss, and many of them bearing large trees, whose roots, clasping them on all sides, strike into the earth for sustenance. One of the masses presented a singular appearance; it is of cubic form, its summit full thirty feet from its base, and upon it was quite a grove of hemlock and cedar-trees. Around and partly under this and others lying loosely, apparently kept from rolling by roots and vines, we were compelled to clamber a long distance, when we reached a point more than one hundred feet above the bottom of the gorge, where we could see the famous Pass in all its wild grandeur. Before us arose a perpendicular cliff, nearly twelve hundred feet from base to summit, as raw in appearance as if cleft only yesterday. Above us sloped McIntyre, still more lofty than the cliff of Wallace, and in the gorge lay huge piles of rock, chaotic in position, grand in dimensions, and awful in general aspect. They appear to have been cast in there by some terrible convulsion not very remote. Within the memory of Sabattis (the Indian guide) this region has been shaken by an earthquake, and no doubt its power, and the lightning, and the frost, have hurled these masses from that impending cliff. Through these the waters of this branch of the Hudson, bubbling from a spring not far distant (close by a fountain of the Ausable), find their way. Here the head-waters of these rivers commingle in the spring season, and, when they separate, they find their way to the Atlantic Ocean at points a thousand miles apart. The margin of the stream is too rugged and cavernous in the Pass for human footsteps to follow."

Alfred B. Street, the poet, in his "Indian Pass," thus describes this remarkable scene:

"What a chaos around me! Black cedars, like the bristling hairs of a moose's mane, covered the floor, and tottered from the tops of the fallen cliffs, which were of height themselves sufficient to chain the eye in any other place. Far above, on the face of the cracked wall, enormous fissures and cavities frowned blackly, showing whence the rocks had fallen, loosened either by age, earthquakes, or by the mighty agency of fires in ages past, sweeping furnace-like along, shrivelling and withering the trees, and fracturing the mighty crag. Down, deep down, trickled a blind rill, mining like a mole through a narrow tunnel of the broken, jagged rocks, and I knew it was the infant Hudson whose birthplace oozed from the gashed heart of the monster, thus blending at last the fragrance of the mountain-juniper with the briny odor of Old Ocean. Like the intertwining of the fingers of the human hand, the slender source of the Ausable also oozed from the mighty gorge, and almost braiding their glancing streaks, the two rivers, parting at length on the water-shed of the gorge, started upon their long journeys in entirely different ways—the bright Hudson through the southwestern portals of the Pass, and the dark Ausable through the northeastern."

THE "ROB ROY" IN THE EAST.

I.

OUR readers have probably heard of Captain Macgregor's famous long and lonely voyages in his canoe the "Rob Roy"—the first through Central Europe, the second over Norway and Sweden, and a third voyage, in the yawl Rob Roy, along the coasts of France and England. These voyages, so novel, so full of new adventure and incident, have naturally attracted no little attention; and now that a fourth volume* has appeared, recounting the adventures with the Rob Roy on the waters of the East and the Holy Land, we invite our readers to a brief trip with the valiant "captain" on his strange journey.



The Canoe at Night.

"At Alexandria," says the captain, "we took off the carpet that had covered the Rob Roy during her long voyage from England. Her polished cedar deck glittered in the African sun, and the waves of a new sea played on her smooth oak sides. I stepped in light-hearted for a six months' cruise, and the first half-hour round the crowded harbor showed that the Moslems would be as kind in their welcome of the little craft as the Norsemen had been, and the Swiss, and the Indians of Ottawa, in my other journeys. The dock-yard workmen ran to see the canoe, shouting in their scant attire. The sailors of a hundred vessels peered over their bulwarks to gaze at her dark-blue sails and gilded, silken flag; even the lone sentry on the walls was aroused from his stare into nothing by the sight of the little English 'merkeb' that skimmed over the sea so near to the breakers."

The Rob Roy is probably the smallest vessel ever built for a long voyage. Although only a canoe, it is strong, light, portable, safe, convertible into a tent, and arranged for sleeping. The canoe was fairly built around the voyager, under the principle that a comfortable boat, like a shoe or a coat, must be made for the wearer, and not worn down to his shape. It is thus described by Captain Macgregor:

"The Rob Roy is fourteen feet long, twenty-six inches wide, and one foot deep outside, built of oak below, and covered with cedar. A water-proof apron protects me from waves and rain. Her topmast is the second joint of my fishing-rod, and a third joint is ready in the stern. Her sails are dyed deep-blue, an excellent plan, for it tempers the glare of the sun, and is more readily concealed from the Arab's eye. The blue-bladed paddle is the same that was wielded in Sweden over many a broad lake, and, though an inch of its edge had been split off by an upset of the canoe from a runaway cart in a Norway forest, yet I loved my old paddle best of them all. To sleep in the canoe, I always go ashore, and work her back and forward on the beach until the keel is firmly bedded for a good night's rest. Next we form a little cabin less than three feet high, and more than six feet long, and then, having inside the gauze mosquito-curtain, and over all a strong, white, water-proof

* The Rob Roy on the Jordan, Nile, Red Sea, and Gennesareth, etc.: a canoe cruise in Palestine and Egypt, and the Waters of Damascus. By J. Macgregor, M. A. London: John Murray.

sheet, six feet square, and drooping loose upon each side, we are made up snug, and can defy all kinds of weather. A "post-office bag," very light, but completely water-proof, has held our clothes during the day, and now it becomes a pillow. The bed is three feet long and fourteen inches wide, quite long enough for all one cares about, and no complaints were heard of its being too broad. It is only the shoulders and hips that really require a short mattress if the head is pillowed too; as for the rest of one's body, it doesn't matter at all. When travelling under hot sun, I place this bed behind me, with one end on deck, and the middle of it is tied round my breast, so as to bring the upper end just under the long back leaf of my sun-helmet, which is of pith and felt combined, a head-dress lately introduced by Tress, and entirely successful, for I was it during about seven months, and neither rain, nor sun, nor duckings in salt waves, ever altered its lightness or good shape. The bed thus becomes an excellent protector against sunstroke, and it was especially useful when my course was north, and my back was thus turned to the sun. Often I went ashore with the bed still dangling from my waist behind, while wondering natives gazed at the 'Giacour' with his air-bag tail. The bed was useful, too, when I sat upon wet sand, or grass, or gravel, and it was always a good life-buoy in case of an upset."

A few days after arriving at Alexandria, the Rob Roy proceeded to Port Said, at the mouth of the Suez Canal. Great interest was felt here in the arrival of the smallest boat that ever journeyed in the East. When the canoe touched the beach, the red man and the white man ran to see her, and gabbled loud; then she was borne on two negroes' shoulders to the Grand Hôtel de France. And at this point begins the narration of the voyage. "The first part of our journey," says Captain Macgregor, "being in Egypt, it has few of the dangers, the adventures, and the discoveries, which will be found in her cruise over Syria. It was novel, indeed, to paddle an English canoe upon the Red Sea and the Nile; but what was seen there could be met with in other modes of travel. When, however, the Rob Roy essayed the Syrian lakes, and the rivers and seas of Palestine, she entered on scenes never opened before to the traveller's gaze, and which were entirely inaccessible except in a canoe."

Acting upon this hint, we will give but a rapid glance at the earlier portion of the "captain's" travels. A thorough examination of the Suez Canal was the first part of his long programme, which was accomplished without any notable adventure, although here, as elsewhere, the Rob Roy was the hero of the hour, filling all who saw it with delight and surprise. From Suez the Rob Roy made a brief Red-Sea voyage of only three days' duration, and from Suez it was conveyed by rail to Cairo, where it was launched into the yellow Nile. In descending the Nile, a luggage-boat was hired, a clumsy craft, with her top-sticks plastered with mud, manned by a crew of three. The course of the Rob Roy was down the Damietta branch of the Nile, which "has all the grandeur of a noble river." The reception of the Rob Roy by the natives was generally civil, "often humorous, and sometimes exciting, when the boys who cheered the coming stranger flung sods and mud upon him for a parting-salute as he retired from the bank. This conduct was harmless while I had the

broad river Nile (or even its branch) to take speedy refuge in; but afterward, in the narrow rivers, it was a serious concomitant of the voyage. Generally, as the blue sail was seen, a whole village rushed down to the bank, and half of them into the water; but, with nods and smiles and 'salaams' from her crew, the Rob Roy managed to get a good offing before the awe of wonder had subsided into the boyish desire to have a 'shot' at the tiny craft."

Proceeding down the Nile, and crossing into Lake Menzaleh, near its mouth, where our traveller spent several days, we next find him in Syria, crossing Mount Lebanon, with the Rob Roy in a covered cart. The passage was difficult, a severe storm having been encountered; but the cart went on, securely "bearing its precious cargo." In reference to the application of this term to the Rob Roy, the "captain" writes:

"Is it maudlin that one cannot help personifying a boat like this, the companion of so many happy hours, the sole sharer of great joys and anxious times? When we see even deal tables merrily turning round, and can fancy a smile on the face of a clock, are we quite sure that there is no feeling in the 'heart of oak,' no sentiment under bent birch ribs—that a canoe, in fact, has no character? Let the landsman say so, yet will not I. Like others of her sex, she has her fickle tempers: one day pleasant, and the next out of humor; led like a lamb through this rapid, but cross and pouting under sail on that rough lake. And, like her sex, she may be resisted, coerced, nay, convinced; but, in the end, she will always somehow have her own way. Yet, however faintly other people may feel with me in this matter, it will be allowed that any one who keeps a boat for a journey, and expects her to go long and far, and to be always stanch and trim, must at least be careful of her safety in dark nights, in doubtful places, or when left alone. Few boats can have had greater variety in their night-quarters than this canoe. In hotels she was often locked up in a bedroom, and once she floated on a marble basin under the moon. In private houses a place was kept for her near the fire, and away from the children. By lakes, canals, and rivers, the Rob Roy was sometimes my house, and so it covered me; or, when the tent was used, she was covered up herself from the dew by a carpet, and snugly placed under the tent-lines safe from the mules. The straw hut of the Arab gave her shelter once, and, at another time, a buffalo's byre. Her polished deck was shielded from sun by hiding her below the long grass of Gennesareth, and for two nights she rested on the shelly beach of the Red Sea. She was lodged in a custom-house, or on a steamer's deck, or down the hold, or she floated on the Nile."

The Abana River was selected as the stream by which the Rob Roy was to enter Damascus, the journey to which was performed by Captain Macgregor on horseback. The Abana is one of several rivers which our traveller designed to explore, all of which "run through channels where important parts are entirely inaccessible, except in a boat, and, as no voyager has been mentioned in history to have floated on them thus, it may well be supposed that their full beauties and all their dangers have never been seen before." It would be difficult, if not impossible, to describe in our small space the intricate wanderings of the Rob Roy in all the waters of Damascus, and hence our readers will no doubt now be content if we only glance here and there at Captain Macgregor's journeyings, and simply recount some of the more striking scenes and adventures through which he passed, nearly all of which occur on the Abana, the Jordan, and their connecting and tributary waters. The Abana passes directly through the city of Damascus; and it is some distance above this city, where the river rushes through rocky gorges, and is filled with rapids, that the Rob Roy is launched upon its waters.

THE ABANA.

"The river we are now launched upon is like a Scotch salmon-stream, with high snow-clad mountains on one side and bluff rocks on the other, leaving now and then a green flat a ward between crags, and boulders, and gravel-banks well clothed with trees, among which the French road winds. This is the only piece of real carriage-way in all Syria, and its presence in this valley at once Europeanizes the scene; but the Abana soon runs out of sight of all such detestable civilization, and pours its old stream, as it did in Abraham's time, gushing under the thickets and round the lonesome rocks with a merry onward gait, too fast to let you stop to look how fast it runs or how wide. Part of the river—the Taura arm, branching to the north—passes, like a broad mill-race, under the road; and for variety the Rob Roy followed along this on a higher level, while the main water soon gets much lower, running at a more headlong pace; but the Taura goes at last through a dark tunnel in the cliff, and it would have been madness to follow it there, so I dragged the canoe down again to the old river, and plunged once



Crossing Mount Lebanon.



Gorge of the Abana.

more out of sight into places perhaps never seen before, though very beautiful. The pace quickens as we approach the cut of the great gorge, and there is a goodly sound of waters echoed from lofty rocks. After months upon the quiet level of the Suez Canal, and the oily-running Nile, and the waves of the Red Sea, and the broad sheet of Lake Menzaleh, it was true luxury to be whirled in the swift eddies of Abana, and to speed at a river's gallop among rocks and forests, where the midriff is tickled in the paddler's breast by the sensation often felt on a high-rope swing, and the mind expands into an exulting glee, always begotten by rapids encountered alone. Many birds and animals were roused from their uninhabited haunts, and splashed into the stream or scurried away, rustling among the dusky brakes. The canoeist soon finds that it is impossible to note these pretty companions when he is in this sort of river; for the stream carries you suddenly to where a dozen prostrate trees are tangled in the water, while their straggling roots hold fast to the bank. A heavy, treacherous rock overhangs on the left, and the right shore is steep with soft mud. The whole picture of this is presented in an instant as you round a point, and the decision how to deal with it must be instantly made, or the current itself will decide.

"Strong to the left hand, seize that bough with the right. Swing round a quarter circle, then duck the head for ten seconds under that thorn, and shoot across below the second tree, drift under the third, and five strokes will free us, surely. After settling all this as the course to be pursued, at the first paddle-stroke out splashes a shrieking bird, rattling the close thicket of canes as he plunges into the water.

"Now if you look at him, even for an instant, in such a place, the whole programme above is in confusion—the bough knocks your hat off, the rock catches your paddle, and the third tree gets hooked in your painter. This comes of mingling ornithology with canoe-craft, and

yet it is in just such a place that strange birds are most likely to be flushed.

"My dragoman on his horse, and a muleteer on raine, rode along through orchards or water-meadows, and closing to the rapid river wherever they might get a glimpse to see me pass in safety, ever shouting among the crags that echoed his voice, "Bob Roy!" the usual hail we had for each other. Meantime I was swiftly borne away into a thicket of trees, with magnificent towering crags and snow behind them. The Abana here was about sixty feet broad, but every mile we go down it has less of water, for the canalettes lead off the precious liquid right and left, to far-away meads and long, dry plains. The stream is swift, and tumbles along in a rugged bed, with a very lively noise. I had to jump out into the water at least twenty times, and used a strong pole as a drop in fording the powerful current. At one or two places I had to haul the boat round on land, where the trees met over the water, and their branches were interlaced, or their trunks had fallen in, root foremost. Next came a weir for a mill, a waterfall, and torrents of foam with dense woods all round, through which no one could see me as I waded, and shoved, and dragged away, but always, somehow, getting onward, and most thoroughly enjoying the varied exercise on so bright a sunny day. The amount of labor involved in a voyage of this kind will be understood by the fact that with every effort to get on, the canoe was five hours in reaching a point which is only one hour distant by the road at a walk. After I had battled with all the difficulties which could be crammed into this time, panting with a tried but wholesome excitement, the sun suddenly appeared, that had been hidden by rocks or trees; the gorge had loosed its hold of us, and the canoe soon floated along the now placid river, while Damascus, old Damascus! gleamed out brilliant before me in the evening light, with its groves of green, and white shining walls, and airy minarets, a glorious scene."

THE SOURCE OF THE JORDAN.

"Searching again very carefully—for now was the right time to find the Jordan's source, when no rain had fallen for weeks, and the cold hindered snow from melting—I noticed a spring in a field, southwest from which a streamlet wandered past a house. This gradually increased in definite direction and size, and at last ran down the bare sides of the Wady et Teim, where was the dry but ample bed of the Jordan channel. This is here full of huge white stones and mountain-gravel, with steep sides, and the water-worn track of a powerful stream, which no doubt runs deep with violence and great volume in stormy times, though the river it forms then is only of surface water.

"My little streamlet tumbled into this dry bed, the earliest water I had seen actually on its way to the Dead Sea. Dismounting, as the only way to investigate, I forgot all about my horse in the excitement of the inquiry. The rivulet fell in a pretty cascade over a horizontal ledge of strongly-stratified rock, about thirty feet wide and five feet thick, with a deep grotto-like cavern hollowed out beneath, and forming a beautiful background to the water, which, after its fall, is gathered together again as a clear brook, and runs down among stones into the desert, rocky, sun-dried channel we have before described.

"About thirty feet to the northwest of this point is the ruin of a little building, with only one pillar erect, and two prostrate in the grass. Evidently this had been built here to look upon the bright cascade, for no other view is open.

"Has this ever before been recognized as the youngest babblings of Jordan? May it not now be regarded as the water farthest from the mouth?

"The opposite bank is steep and rugged, and, as I climbed the crags, one stone at the top looked rather *unnatural*, and this, on inspection, proved to be the jamb of a sculptured gate still erect, and about eight feet high. Beside it lay (north and south) a well-cut slab, the lintel of the door, which must therefore have looked straight upon Hermon splendidly rising in front, as the other Baal temples do, from their posts round the mother-mountain of the idol's cult."

CAPTURE BY ARABS ON THE JORDAN.

"With all my might I pressed on now, but soon heard the men behind me. In a straight reach, and with a good current like this, they could not keep up with the canoe. But here these pursuers cut across the bends on shore, and so they overtook me in ten minutes. Then a dozen of them were running high above, and they speedily increased to fifty—men, women, and children.

"It was of no use now to paddle fast, but better to reserve my strength and keep cool for what might come. Suddenly every one of them disappeared, but I knew I must meet them all round the next corner. There they were, screaming, with that wild roarsness only the Arab can attain, "Al burra! al burra!" (To land! to land!) That was



Source of the Jordan.

the chorus, and a royal salute of missiles splashed in the water. I bowed to them quietly, and answered 'Ingleez;' but they ran still with me in a tumultuous rabble, and, seeing some of them give their scanty garments to the others, I knew what would follow; about half a dozen jumped into the water.

"They swam splendidly, and always with right and left hand alternately in front; but, of course, I distanced the swimmers, who murmured deep, while the others shouted and laughed. Then the naked ones got out and ran along the bank again, and all disappeared as before for another attack.

"It was a crisis now; but, as there was no shirking it, the Rob Roy whirled round the next point beautifully; and here the river was wide, and the rascals were waiting in the water, all in a line across, about a score of them wading to their middle.

"For a moment I paused as to what was best to do, and every one was silent and stood still. Then I quietly floated near one of the swimmers, splashed him in the face with my paddle, and instantly escaped through the interval with a few vigorous strokes, while a shout of general applause came from the bank; and they all ran on except one, who took a magnificent 'header' into the river, and came up exactly by the stern of the Rob Roy, with his arm over her deck. But my paddle was under his arm in an instant, and I gently levered him off, saying, in my softest accents, 'Katerhayrac!' (Thanks!) as if he had been rendering a service. The shout renewed, and the best of them all retired discomfited.

"At this time we must have been quite near the village of Salhyeh (a name I can never forget), and the number of people on the banks was now at the least a hundred. Many of them had ox-goads, some had spears, the rest had the long clubs with huge round knobs at the end peculiar to that northern district. Another shower of missiles came, yet, strange to say, not one hit the boat. There rose the cry, 'Baroda! baroda!' (the gun! the gun!)

"I let my boat float quietly, that the excitement might cool down, and, looking at the mob quite close, I saw several point their long guns at me; one kneeled to do so, yet none of them at first seemed really in earnest to shoot.

"But soon, on a little point in front, I noticed a man posted methodically for a purpose. He trimmed his priming, he cocked his hammer, and, as I came straight up to him, every other person stopped to look, and not a voice was heard.

"I could not escape this man, and he knew that well. Up went his gun to his shoulder: he was cool, and so was I. The muzzle was not twenty feet from my face. Three thoughts coursed through my brain: 'Will hit me in the mouth; bad to lie wounded here.' 'Aimed from his left shoulder; how convenient to shoot on both sides!' 'No use "bobbing" here—first time under fire—Arabs respect courage.' The clear round black of the muzzle end followed me covering as I passed. I stared right at the man's eyes, and gave one powerful stroke; at the same moment he fired—fix, bang! and a splash of the bullet in the water behind me. Loud shouts came out of the smoke. I stopped and said, 'Not fair to use a gun!' In an instant the water was full of naked swimmers straining toward me. It was shallow here, and in vain I tried hard to avoid them. Suddenly my canoe was wrenched down behind. It was the same black giant I had elbowed off before; but now he came furiously, brandishing the white shank-bone of a buffalo. I warded off that with my paddle, but another had got hold of the boat's bow. I

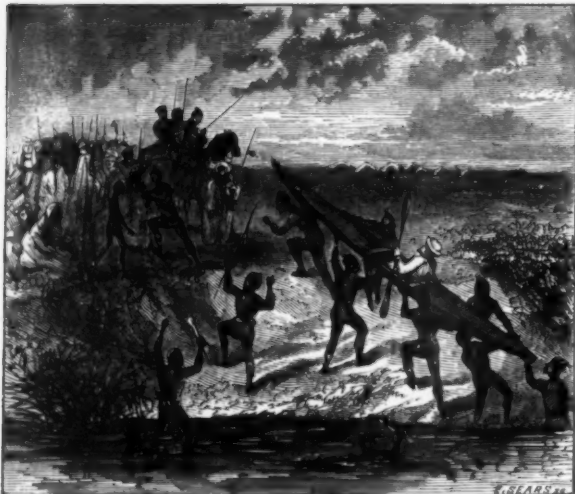
was captured now, and must resort to tactics. The crowd yelled louder in triumph, but I motioned my captors to take the boat to the opposite shore. The man cried 'Bakshish!'—a word I had somehow heard before! I said, 'Yes; but to the sheikh.' The villain answered, 'I am the sheikh;' but I knew he was not. His face was black, his cheeks were deeply gashed and tattooed; he had one big ear-ring. His topknot stood erect, and the water glistened on his huge naked carcass as he roughly grasped my delicate little paddle. My pistol lay between my knees full-cocked, and my hand stole down to it. Better thoughts came instantly. 'Why should I shoot this poor savage? it will not free me. Even if it does, it would be liberty bought by blood.' Still I parleyed with the man till he softened down. I pointed to his bone weapon, and said it was not fair to use it. He pointed to my paddle, and said that was not fair. Poor fellow! I felt for him; his vanity had been wounded by discomfiture before. Soon we became good friends, chiefly by my quiet smiles and patting his wet, shaven pate.

"I kept him yet on the far side of the river, that the others might sober a little, for the Arabs quiet into calm as suddenly as they flash into rage. All the village was out now on the banks, and many swam over to the Rob Roy. I formally appointed my captor as my protector, and he became proud instead of angry. Little as I knew of the language, I could make him understand my meaning, and he *did* understand—nay, there is scarcely any idea of *facts* that you cannot make intelligible without words if you are at once calm and in earnest.* Then we crossed—he swimming and holding on with excruciating twists to the poor, prisoned Rob Roy. How frantic the people were! Some of them in the crowd tumbled over into the water. They did not mind that a bit. I commanded silence, and all obeyed. Then was pronounced this most eloquent oration. I said: 'I am English.' They replied, 'Sowa, sowa' (friends), and then rubbed their two forefingers together, the usual sign of amity. I said it was not fair to use the 'baroda' (gun). Holding up one finger, I said, 'Ingleez wahed' (one Englishman), then holding up both hands, I said, 'Araby kooloo' (all the rest Arabs). At this the crowd applauded, laughing, and so did I. A little girl now took up a huge lump of red earth, and from the bank, about eight feet above me, she hurled it down with violence upon the canoe. This was a crisis, and a time to be perfectly calm. If the quick spirit had seized them then, the boat would have been smashed to pieces in three seconds. Turning, therefore, slowly round, I pointed to the horrid mess the mud had made on the clean, white water-proof of the canoe, and looked up in the faces of them all with a pleasant but beseeching air. It was a turning-point this. They looked at one another for a moment silently, and then, as by a general impulse, they rushed at the hapless girl, and, as the whole mob of them disappeared over the bank, I heard her screams and the thumps of discipline that caused them. In the confusion caused by this absence, I had almost escaped once more, when they angrily captured me again. But they could not persuade me to get out of the boat, and for this reason: my pistol was still open, and at full cock, lying on the floor-boards of the canoe. If I got out, they would see it, and surely would scramble for the prize. Every time I put my hand inside to stow the pistol away out of sight, they tried to wrench my paddle from the other hand. One hand was, therefore, needed for the paddle, but the other could not be



Capture.

* It is quite another matter to understand *them*. They speak as if you knew their language—you gesticulate as if they don't know yours.



A Prisoner.

spared from its duty of patting their wet, greasy heads, which affectionate caress seemed to be an unwonted but most successful mode of propitiation.

"The water-mob of swimmers closed nearer, and waxed larger as more crossed the river. Their curiosity was boundless, and every hand tried to undo my apron or to get somehow under the deck. Their patience was on the ebb, and, while I considered what to do next, I felt the Rob Roy heaving this way and that, and then gradually, and despite all my smiling but earnest remonstrance, the canoe began to rise out of the water with all her crew inside. Loud shouts welcomed her ascent up the bank as a dozen dark-skinned bearers lifted the canoe and her captain, sitting inside, with all due dignity, graciously smiling, and so they carried her fairly up the steep bank and over the smooth sward, some hundred yards toward the tent of their Arab sheikh.

"See this strange progress depicted in the illustration, and it may safely be said that no prisoner before was ever thus taken into custody.

"But it was an anxious journey this from river to tent. The men were rough and boisterous. The boat heeled and plunged as if in a terrible sea. I clasped the two nearest bearers round their necks to steady these surgings. Then they let the boat down while I clung to their clammy cheeks and swarthy shoulders, and I had soon to loose hold of these and descend to the ground with the Rob Roy, for I would never desert her. Up aloft again! and, laughing and shouting, we waddled along, while the crowd was denser than ever, until the sheikh came slowly to meet us with a few of his ancient councillors.

"I insisted that the canoe should be placed in his tent. After much resistance, he suddenly allowed it, and then I got out. But what to do next? The first thing to recollect in this sort of adventure is, that *time* is of no consequence to such people, but that stage-effect and dignity are very important to your case. Therefore, I made long preliminaries, and had every person ordered out of the tent. The crowd obeyed, after some had been beaten with sticks to convince them. The sheikh seemed puzzled at the whole affair. I looked at him carefully, and saw he was a second-rate man, without much decision in his mien, and one who would, on the whole, like events to happen under other orders than his own.

"Having now a fair stage-scene around the central figures, I came forward slowly, hat in hand, and bowed to the sheikh very low, and shook hands with him heartily, and told him I was a wandering Briton on my way to the lake, and I would rest at his tent until the sun was cooler.

"The crowd was attentive and silent. Men in the rear beat off the boys, and the women went behind the tent and peered through the matting, so that a whole regiment of feminine noses was ranged over the little Rob Roy, now reclining safe on a carpet. The sheikh retired to consult with his cabinet. I asked for two men to keep order, and he gave them, and desperately tyrannical they were upon the mob. After an hour, about midday, the chief and his ministry came back, and ordered 'silence,' and said, 'You cannot go to the lake.' I said, 'I must.' He answered it was 'impossible.' I said I must go to see that. He gave me the very smallest wink that could be given by a man's eye, and I answered by one a little smaller. Then I knew that he could be convinced—i. e., bribed, and so, finally, at any rate, I would have my own way.

"The tent was cleared again. About twenty women came forward

in a group, and the sheikh's wife, quite refined in manner, and very intelligent. I behaved to her as if she were an English lady. She was lost in amazement when I exhibited my little bed, my lamp, compass, and *cuisine*. She looked with kind and feminine interest upon me when I said I was losing all the fine sunshine of the day, a prisoner alone among strangers. She fetched her husband by himself, and, under cover of showing him the inside of the canoe, I managed to let him see a gold napoleon in my open hand, and with a nudge to his elbow for emphasis to the sight. He whispered, 'Shwei, shwei' (softly, quietly). I knew I had bought him then. The 'council of ancients' came with their final decision, 'You cannot go to-day, but must have a horse to-morrow. There are reeds (Rab) quite impassable.' I explained how the canoe went through reeds in the lake of Hijaneh. 'Yes,' they answered, 'but there is water in Hijaneh, now here the reeds are so,' and they placed a sort of hedge of sticks at the bow of my canoe to explain.

"I then began to amuse them by making sketches of men and horses; next I gave a lesson in geography, by placing nutshells at various points to represent 'Sham' (Damascus), 'Musc' (Cairo), 'El Khuds' (Jerusalem), and 'Bahr' (the lake of Hooleh), and at last placed one little shell at the extreme end of the tent to represent England so far away. They exclaimed loudly in astonishment at my long journey to see them. At intervals, several of these men kept boring me for 'bakshish.' One was an old, deaf, cunning fellow, who whispered the word in my ear. Another, a sharp lad, who said he had seen the 'Ingleez' at Beyrout, spoke incessantly to me by signs only, and he did it admirably. I was much interested in the clever variations of his noiseless pictures, always culminating in the same subject, 'bakshish.' A third applicant used no such delicate coyness in the matter, but merely roared out the hateful word before all, and louder every time.

"No one had as yet offered me any food. This gross neglect (never without meaning among the Arabs) I determined now to expose, and so to test their real intentions. My *cuisine* was soon rigged up for cooking, and I asked for cold water. In two minutes afterward the brave little lamp was steaming away at high pressure, with its merry, hissing sound. Every one came to see this. I cut thin slices of the preserved beef-soup, and, while they were boiling, I opened my salt-cellar. This is a snuffbox, and from it I offered a pinch to the sheikh. He had never before seen salt so white, and therefore, thinking it was sugar, he willingly took some from my hand and put it to his tongue. Instantly I ate up the rest of the salt, and, with a loud, laughing shout, I administered to the astonished, outwitted sheikh a manifest thump on the back. 'What is it?' all asked from him. 'Is it sukker?' He answered demurely, 'La, meleh!' (No, it's salt!) Even his home secretary laughed at his chief. We had now eaten salt together, and in his own tent, and so he was bound by the strongest tie, and he knew it.

"The soup was now ready and boiling hot. They all examined my little metal spoon, and my carving-knife went round (it never came back). I gave every one of them, seated in a circle about me, one spoonful of the boiling soup, which, of course, scalded each man's mouth, and made him wince bitterly, yet without telling the next victim. Now they had all partaken of food with their prisoner. How much they relished it, I don't know. All went out, and I took this opportunity to stand near the sheikh, and try to slip the napoleon into his hand. He was quite uncertain what to do when the gold tickled his palm. It was utterly against their code of chief and people for him to take this secret, personal gift from a stranger, yet he could not resist the temptation. His hand pushed mine away, but with a very gentle indignation. Soon his fingers played among mine as the yellow coin kept turning about, half held by each of us, unseen behind our backs. Two of the sheikh's fingers were pushing it away, but then the other three fingers were pulling it in. Finally I felt the coin had left me, and I knew now the sheikh was not only bought but *paid for*. Down went his countenance from that moment, and he slunk away abashed. An hour more of palaver was spent by the seniors, during which time I ate my luncheon heartily and read the *Times*. Then all came back once more, except the chief, and the women were rustling behind the mat screens, and a great bustle seemed to say that the verdict was agreed upon. The 'foreman' briefly told it: 'You are to go to-morrow.'

"This would never do—but how to reverse the sentence? I was seated on the ground at the time, and I rose very slowly and gravely, until, standing on a little eminence in the tent, and drawing myself up, besides, as tall as could be, and stretching up my hand as high as possible (and utterly undetermined what I was going to say, and exceedingly tempted to burst into laughter), I exclaimed, with my loudest voice, only three words, 'Bokra!—La!—Ingleez!' (To-morrow!—No!—I am English!) And then the orator sunk calmly down and went on reading his paper again. In five minutes more a man came to say I might leave at once. But I was not to be shoved off in this way, so I insisted that they must carry my canoe back to the river. The process

sion, therefore, formed again, with the Rob Roy in the centre, and her captain walking behind, while boys and girls, and especially the people who had not already seen her on the water, all rushed in a crowd to the bank with the same hoarse shouts they had given before, and which we were now more accustomed to hear. All parties pledged their friendship in deep 'salaams' of adieu, and we paddled off, rejoicing."

CAPTAIN BEN.



AS for poor humanity! Who could have supposed, while young Nichols showed his goodwill by so diligently resuming his labors in the crab-business day after day, the demand for these soft-shelled dainties continuing in the captain's house, that he was not supremely happy in his work? But, though it was for Mrs. Asten, and still more for Joan, that he did it, he felt constantly, as he went dragging his boat along the shore at low tide, that he ought to be about other business—

business which was specially his own—business which would take him out of sight of land, and deliver him forever from this contemptible business of hugging the shore. Still, how could he see unmoved the perplexity on Mrs. Asten's face, as she gave herself up to endeavors to cater for the taste of the party of city-folk who, when they first entreated admission into her well-ordered house, declared that they would be perfectly satisfied with any thing she might give them, and then forthwith proceeded to show their discontent, unless the long table in the large dining-room were spread three times a day with every thing which sea and land in the neighborhood of Point Asten could be made to yield?

Nichols, a young man of twenty, or thereabouts, brown as an Indian, but handsome enough, and ordinarily generous as the sun, was a fisherman by profession. His proper work lay outside the Bar and the Point, and made him intimate with blue-fish and Spanish mackerel. For three years he had been predicting that the Point had seen about the last of him; but, though the prophecy had been uttered with more than usual eloquence throughout the spring, how could he see unmoved the anxiety which was deepening the lines on the faces of the Asten folks when they found themselves engaged in this new business of supplying food and shelter for the fastidious people who had come to play a while beside the sea?

Captain Asten had not advertised for boarders. He had been discovered, or, rather, his house had. These gypsies who evacuate the city in the early summer are a kind of legalized freebooters: all they want is comfort; and woe to the countryman who has boldly surrounded himself with the outward and visible signs thereof! The captain could not resist their entreating demands, and so he took them all in, and, after he had done so, contrived for his own part to keep out of the way. Of course, then, all the care of the vagrants fell on his women-folk—his wife and Joan. Perception of this fact had kept Ben Nichols hugging the shore with a constancy which exposed him to his own indignation, though it won for him many a kindly thought and word of the women.

With his box of crabs, he was approaching the land when Joan came rapidly down the gravelly beach and stopped under the willows in whose shadow the boats were usually moored, and asked, "What luck?" He turned the lid of his crab-car, and showed her. "Capital!" said she; and then, after a very brief and, it almost seemed, inquiring glance at him, she exclaimed, "Oh, Ben! I wish you would row me out mid-stream; I want to laugh where nobody can hear me."

What could give Ben Nichols greater pleasure than to row Joan Asten out upon the river? The last time he had seen Nat Fawcett with her in his boat, he had felt that it was an honor any man might well be proud of. Now, in an instant, at this hint, he drew his boat nearer the beach, and, when she whose beauty lost nothing of its marvellousness to his eyes, though the house was running over with the loveliness of *fashion* and of youth, stepped in, with vigorous strokes he rowed away from shore; and, oh, to have carried her away down the inlet and out into the sea, or up the river beyond the bridge, and so away, away to the green and pleasant inland, where she might laugh on unmolested, and he lose all his ugly doubts in the sound of her laughter!

He could not help saying to her, "Now, if you had time, it would be nice rowing up the river."

"I haven't time," she answered. "I ought to go back right away; but I must have a minute to breathe in.—What do you think, Ben? I have been advised to take Long Rad!"

"To what?" exclaimed Ben. His face grew red and dark; he thought he had understood Joan, and yet he could not believe it possible that he had.

"Long Rad told Mr. Phillips he would give twelve hundred dollars to him, if he would find him a good wife," said Joan; but she knew, while she spoke, that Ben had heard of this offer already.

"Has Phillips been talking to you?" asked Ben, indignant.

"No, not exactly. But why don't you undertake to earn an honest penny that way yourself, Ben? Twelve hundred dollars would set you up in business splendidly."

"Was that what you wanted to come out here and laugh at?" said Ben.

"What?"

"Asking me such a question. Do you think I'm so hard up?"

"Not exactly." Joan saw how vexed the good fellow was, and nothing could have been more kind than the tone of her voice as she went on: "Mrs. Wilkes has been talking to me. She heard of it, and she advises me to take him. She says that she has been to see Radcliffe on purpose, and that he can't live long, and that, when he dies, I shall have the farm, and be a rich widow."

"You're joking," said Ben, over whose honest face an expression of amazed incredulity slowly made its way.

"Why shouldn't I make money as well as John?" she asked, with a seriousness which again set Ben to doubting. "He has bought that cranberry-swamp at Rice's, which he has been talking about so long. Father says that the hundred bushels to the acre will most likely turn out twenty-five, now that he is fairly in it."

"John has bought," said Ben, reflecting—he was thinking—"and here I am hanging around the house, while that boy has his brig and his cranberry-swamp, and is only a year or so older than I am."

But only for a moment could the thought of John's fair chances withdraw his attention from the remarkable talk which had preceded it. Ben was more displeased than he could have expressed by any words at his command, that this city lady had presumed to advise Joan, and that she had not felt insulted by such advice. The girl had, in fact, been curious to see the effect that would be produced upon him; but it was not curiosity merely which induced her to repeat the conversation. The counsel had struck her as something so strange, so absurd, that she felt under the necessity of repeating it to somebody, and her brother was away and Nat with him, and, even if Nat had been at home, she probably could not have told *him* of this—not so easily as she could tell it to Ben, at least—and yet, for some reason which she did not understand, it had unexpectedly proved the most difficult thing she ever did to tell Ben. Still, she must tell somebody. And would she have *liked* to see Ben looking any less perplexed and angry than he looked this very moment?

"I wouldn't have believed that one like her could say such a thing as that, or could think it," he said, after a moment; for he saw that

she waited for his comment on what she had told him. "What answer did you give, Joan?"

"I laughed."

"I wish you had told her what you thought."

"Oh, you needn't take it so serious!" said she. "Mrs. Wilkes didn't mean any thing wrong. She knows that money is money, and that there isn't much to be had without it, and she thought I might as well have Rad's as some other girl—that's all. She meant it kind, and I took it so. But, I declare, it makes me laugh.—There is somebody waving us to come in, Ben."

"Must you go, Joan?"

"Yes; it's mother—isn't it? She needs me, I suppose."

And so Ben rowed Joan in, and, as they neared the shore, she said, looking at him gayly:

"I thought you would enjoy the joke; but you grow more solemn-looking every minute."

"I'm thinking of old Rad's paying twelve hundred dollars for you," said he, trying hard to smile.

"As if I was so much fish," she said. "Don't worry, Ben. He isn't rich enough yet to buy me."

The young man's face brightened; but the next moment he asked, "Has Nat been buying down there, along with John?"

It was now Joan's turn to look serious, and she did so in spite of herself. She wished Ben wouldn't ask questions about Nat, John's bosom-friend; but she answered, "Not that I know of."

"Will Captain John be coming back this week?"

"Any time now, father says. He's getting anxious; he wants John back. I think he misses him more since he began to work for himself than he did before. It's as if he had given him up, you know."

"Yes," said Ben; and he thought, when Joan had stepped ashore and hastened to the house, "Nobody understands about that better than I do. I shall never get started for myself, I believe. And it's all on account of Joan—because I'm a coward, and afraid that, if I am out of her sight, I shall be out of her mind too. I'm always making excuses for myself, and hanging around where she is. There's Nat Fawcett—he broke loose, feeling just as I do, I expect, and when he went off I was fool enough to think the coast was clear. But, along of his going, it seems she thinks ten times more of him than she did before. I'll be off myself by another week."

And thus, though Ben went to the house to report success in crabbing, he felt tempted to empty his ear-load into the river. To-morrow—yes, very likely, as soon as to-morrow—he would go outside, and henceforth remain blind and deaf to all that went on in the house. He would attend to his fishing, and if by fall he had laid up money enough to enable him to take that long-thought-of journey down the coast, among the inlets and harbors, and discover for himself a more favorable place for work—why, he would go, and leave Point Asten clear for Nat. "From the old man down," he said to himself, "they all like Fawcett, and here's Captain John taking him up and putting him right along; next thing, he'll be asking for Joan, and she won't decide on taking Rad till after she's made up her mind that Nat isn't the man for her. I don't know but I'd as soon—" but there Ben checked himself. No degree of jealousy could make the marriage between Radcliffe and Joan seem any thing else than monstrous.

Passengers by the evening stage, bound for Captain John Asten's, arrived at the house about nine o'clock. Ben had walked over to the post-office, and, when he came back, he found that there were newcomers in the house, friends of the party, which already filled it to overflowing.

Great was the consternation in the kitchen. The cook, who had arrived only on the morning of the day, was preparing tea for the people in the parlor, and seemed to be the only one who knew what she was about. Joan and her mother, the captain and his brother, who was "Uncle Harry" to all the Beach, formed a group by themselves, and a glance at them told Ben that some terrible misfortune had befallen the family.

By the stage, little Haskell, a neighbor's son, had come home, with the sad intelligence that Captain John, Junior, was no more. On the night of the 13th, while he was tacking, a schooner ran into the brig and carried away the bowsprit, and John was tossed into the sea. With all sails spread the schooner went her way, and never stayed an instant to ascertain what damage she had done. Captain John had shouted for help, but the shout was unheeded. Two of the men on

board the brig, Nat Fawcett with another, had leaped on board the schooner thinking that the Joanna was going down, but Haskell had stood by the brig bravely, and had taken her into port—and, moreover, had made all possible search and inquiry along the coast for two days, but nothing had been heard of the body of young Captain John. So he had come back to the Point to make this report—leaving the brig Joanna at Masthead.

While these tidings were being told in the kitchen, up-stairs, on the piazza, and in the dining-room, the fortunate people, at their ease, were congratulating themselves that they had discovered the shores of the blessed, where they had good food, a quiet house, the best of surf-bathing, and the great sea, with Uncle Harry and his sail-boat, ever ready to take them to the beach.

At first the father of young Captain John appeared to be stunned by the tidings. Through all his life he had lived within the grasp of calamity, but never till now had it been laid upon him; and now it had presented itself in the shape that was most terrible. It was his boy who was lost—his son! *Captain John, Junior!* only twenty-three. And so needlessly he had been lost—by the reckless carelessness of others—swept away from his deck in the dark, and left to sink where he fell, not a hand outstretched to save him, not even Nat Fawcett's! While he shouted and struggled, they sailed away! As these thoughts presented themselves one after another, and again and again with a distinctness even more terrible, the wrath of old Captain John arose. Let all men against whom it was rising, beware! He must be bold, indeed, who would willingly encounter that tempest.

As the hours passed, Haskell was called upon to repeat his story, portions of it again and again. After he had gone, the brothers took up point after point of the calamity and reconsidered all, and more fiercely than against the master of the schooner even, burned the captain's wrath against Nat—for of all men it might have been expected that he would stand by the brig, and by young Captain John, to the last. He had thought of himself only in the time of danger. The danger for him was not passed yet—he should be thought of still! Why, Nat and John had grown up together; Nat's fortunes, with his own, John had been thoughtful to advance. And he it was who had left his shipmate to destruction when the last enemy appeared! He had not expostulated—had not fought for him—but in the darkness had skulked away! Where was he now? That was a question to which answer was fiercely demanded.

When Ben Nichols had heard all this story, strange thoughts hurried through his brain, a tumultuous drove. John Asten, in the very outset of his brave career, no difficulty before him, but a straight road to success, struck down in a moment, helplessly dying in the dark, lying somewhere in the sea, tossed by waves none knew where, or lying undiscovered on some desolate shore; and Nat Fawcett, who was always boasting what he would do—Nat, who had such splendid chances—hiding away like a thief from the sight of those who knew him!

These were among his foremost thoughts—and then Joan—Joan! For one instant Ben was not sorry that Nat had proved himself unworthy in the sight of all these; it was an unworthiness such as his worst enemy would not have ventured to predict of him. For one instant he was not sorry—that instant he saw himself, and felt that he had broken every commandment in the decalogue; and if in his hand he had taken a stone to cast at Nat, it must have dropped from his relaxing fingers while that fiery glow passed over his face.

By-and-by the talk in the kitchen began to take a turn, as if the tide had been at low ebb, but now was rising—the "young flood" rushed in tumultuously, the stormy wind blew cold, there was threatening in the air; a tone ran through the talk which showed that the depths were stirred.

"I'll have out a warrant for manslaughter to-morrow morning before nine o'clock," said Captain John. "I'll not let my boy be murdered before my eyes, as you might say. I'll hunt them fellows till they'll be glad to show themselves to the officers, to get rid of me! I know it don't look likely they'll be caught, but I tell you they shall be caught."

"Oh, yes," said Uncle Harry, in his mild, assenting way. He never disputed with Captain John, and was incapable, perhaps, of perceiving a fact in other colors or proportions than his brother prescribed. "No doubt of it," he repeated, and his assurance seemed to have a value.

"And there's Nat Fawcett for the first one," said the father. "He'll

turn evidence. We'll have Nat. Them fellows must be forthcoming, and we'll catch the rascal that run 'em down, and he'll come to a worse end than if he swung for't from the yard-arm."

He and old Harry sat by the kitchen fire, with their hats drawn over their eyes, all night. Haskell, the hero, went home—the lost boy's mother went to bed, and Joan, in the momentary snatches of sleep scattered through the night hours, dreamed continually of Nat pursued by her father's vengeance, and always on the point of capture. The young folks in the guest-chambers, in their part, dreamed of going outside and catching boatfuls of blue-fish, which played the most splendid antics in the sunlight as they hung from the fish-hooks between the depths of the heavens and the sea. The elderly people, meanwhile, whether sleeping or waking, peacefully contemplated fried clams for breakfast.

By daylight Captain John was in the stage-coach, riding to the nearest railway station, and before noon the law had proved itself a sympathizer with him in his deep distress. Before noon, too, the affliction which had befallen the family was known to all the neighborhood, and to the people of the house. It suggested to Mrs. Wilkes another argument for the marriage she had advocated, and she determined that on the first opportunity she would present it. Joan, of course, ought not to let slip this chance of "looking out for herself," now that she had lost her brother.

Uncle Harry trimmed sail as usual, and at nine o'clock, the wind being fair, sounded the whistle which drew the city-folk hurriedly on board his boat. After that was all accomplished, and something like the usual stillness, only so much more impressive than usual, had fallen on the place, Ben Nichols and Joan found the opportunity both so much desired for talking with each other.

Ben was looking at his boat and hoping that there would be some call from the house which would keep him ashore (for, above all things, he would serve these women in this time of their calamity), when he saw Joan walk from the house to the shed, and stand there, looking about her as if in want of something which she could not find. He needed no other call, and had no reason to feel that he had put himself in the way without occasion, when she asked, "Did you see father before he started, Ben?"

Ben answered that he had not spoken to Captain John, but he did not add that he had hung around a long time intending to speak to him, and had not dared.

"I am afraid that something will happen," said she.

"What?" he asked, with a notable directness. She did not answer.

"Is it Nat you are troubled about, Joan?"

The tears started to her eyes, but still she did not speak. He saw that she could not. "He was a coward," said he.

"We can't tell how it happened. It was in the night," she answered, with a tremulous voice.

"If Haskell hasn't told the truth about it, then it will come out," replied Ben, "and Nat will turn up."

"He might not."

"If all's fair and square, he will. He won't go dodging folks around the world the rest of his days, if he can make out a clear case for himself."

"If," said Joan, hesitatingly, "if he should see that he had been to blame without intending any such thing."

"I see," said Ben. "You don't want Nat should turn out a coward, not to say worse."

"You're right!" exclaimed Joan. "I don't. Do you, Ben?"

The question, so pointed, was asked with such directness that Ben was taken by surprise. He looked down. "You don't, Ben, I know," she said—her momentary anger had passed, and left, alas! only the light of grief in her eyes.

"You'd forgive him if he'd come home and own that he had acted like a coward, and no friend."

"I could," she said, looking at Ben, and by that look taking him into her confidence, and claiming him as her friend too. "John would. It would be a brave act of him Ben. I think he'll be equal to it."

"I don't know. Perhaps."

Joan's heart sunk. She could trust to the honesty of Ben's decision at such a moment, and she heard, in his doubt, a confirmation of the fear she had tried to disown, that Nat was not equal to this act—and, if not equal to this, how could she ever forgive him for the

other? And how in this life was she ever to find peace or satisfaction again, if she could not forgive Nat Fawcett?

"What are you going to do, Ben?" she asked, as if some sudden purpose had inspired the question.

"What am I going to do?" he slowly repeated. "I was thinking maybe I'd go outside this morning if there wasn't any thing wanting of me here. That sand-bar is about equal to the mountain's for shutting a fellow up. I'm like never to get out."

"I wish—oh—you never went down the coast as far as Barnegat, did you, Ben?"

"No." He looked down again—his mouth twitched, he frowned a little; after a minute, he looked up at Joan. "Them fellows won't be took," said he, as if now he would speak his whole mind to her truly. "They're safe enough somewhere."

She did not seem disturbed to find that he had understood her. "If they should be," she said, "it would go terrible hard with 'em."

"They might have their own story to tell, that would set all right," said Ben.

"Nothing could make it all right to father. He never was hurt in this way before. It's as if the world was took right out from under his feet—as if there was only John in it, and now he has lost him."

"Which way has your father gone, Joan?" Something which Joan could not speak had in some mysterious manner made itself clear to his intelligence. There was sudden purpose in his voice. Was this the very question for which she had waited, for which all she had said was but preparation? It might be. She answered with alacrity that her father had gone to the city.

"He don't expect to find Nat there?"

"I don't know what he expects. He talked about a warrant and manslaughter. Could that have been for all of them?"

"I don't know." As Ben answered, he gazed thoughtfully down toward the river. He was considering whether it would not be worth while to attempt to save Fawcett from danger, or whether, instead, he should prepare to leave Point Asten by the first conveyance.

"Oh, Ben! what can we do?"

The young man considered a moment before he answered; then he turned his face away from Joan, and said: "Will any thing be gained, do you think, by my going down to Barnegat, or Tom's River, or along-shore there?"

Joan understood him—she saw that he understood her; she began to take heart again. What a friend she had in Ben!

"Oh, Ben," she said, her voice tremulous with gratitude—"oh, Ben, who can tell?"

"Shall I go, Joan? Speak the word."

"Will you go, Ben?"

"And bring Nat home, if I find him?"

"Hear what he has to say, Ben."

"And give him leave to run if what he tells don't suit me?"

If she said *yes* to that, Ben would understand that she was more anxious that Nat should escape danger than that her brother should be avenged. He would see that to her Nat's life was dear even as her brother's had been; for, in an hour while she mourned the loss of the one, she could think of the other's danger, and devise means for his safety.

He had asked the question not as a man would ask it who was indifferent as to the answer.

She hesitated, seeing all this only so clearly.

"May I act on my own judgment?" said he.

"Yes, yes, do what you will, Ben. I know it will be all right. But Nat will find it hard to make father see."

"I know that. But let him take to running away, thinking the justices is after him, and what'll he ever be good for again? He could look a man in the face when he went away, but now, if he's going to be looking over his shoulder the rest of his life, thinking pursuers are after him, what kind of a man will that make of him? He ought to a-come right back here, and took his chances with Uncle John, and the rest of you."

"Perhaps he will."

"Shall I wait to see?"

How probable the supposition she had expressed appeared to her was shown by her quick response:

"No, no! Every minute makes things look worse—to me."

"Then I'll be off in half an hour—and I'll walk to Barnegat if I can't get a ride."

"Oh, Ben, what a good, dear fellow you are!"

"But what will your mother think of my going off now, when she needs me, if ever she did?"

"But do not say to anybody where you are going, Ben."

"It is between you and me," he said. "I have talked about starting off long enough. Nobody will wonder what has become of me. They'll expect I'm outside."

But when he had fairly started on his journey, Ben called himself a fool. He was going on this errand simply to save Nat Fawcett, if such a thing was possible, and because Joan considered it so important that he should be saved. He was going to tell Nat that Joan wanted him to come back. What! Could he bear a message like that? That was really his errand!

Still, though he railed against himself for having undertaken the enterprise, he did not for a moment consider the possibility of abandoning it. He had undertaken it for Joan's sake, and for her sake would persevere to a result. She had promised to send a letter to Barnegat, which should let him know the results of her father's proceedings, and he knew that he could find employment there that would pay the expenses of his journey.

He did not intend to stop at Barnegat longer than would suffice to look about and make such inquiries as he might make without exciting suspicion. After he had received Joan's letter, he intended to go on to an inlet on the coast of Maryland, which Nat had often talked about as a portion, probably, of the original Paradise. Nat had relations living there, and had said that, if he chose to go and cast his lot in with theirs, the chances of his success would be much greater than they were at Point Asten.

When he told Ben about this place, and spoke also of his intention to go there early in the spring; and when after that he continued to stay about the Point, evidently held there by some prospect fairer to his eyes than Paradise; and when, later in the season, Captain John had hurried him off on board his brig to look at his purchase of the cranberry-swamp, a suspicion, which Ben could not endure to acknowledge to himself even, had been formed. And now, in this errand on which Joan had sent him, he found its worst confirmation. Yes, Joan had not been ignorantly in the secret of Nat's reluctance to leave Asten Point, even as now she was—oh, he *hoped*, ignorantly—in the secret of his own reluctance.

Ben carried out his programme, and the result verified his expectations. He went to Tom's River, up and down the bay, and on to the inlet, and was about the light-house, busy fishing and talking with the fishermen, and inquiring out and in, until he felt as familiar with the place as if he had lived there all his days. But he saw nothing of Nat or his associates—and heard nothing of either.

At length the expected letter from Joan came. It was brief, and entirely to the purpose. She had nothing to tell, except that her father was at home again—that the warrants had been issued, and that now, since he had done all that could be done, he seemed to be broken down, did not look like himself, sat all day with his hat pulled over his eyes, and would talk to nobody. She could not but think how much better it would have been had she been taken away instead of John. Her place could have been easily supplied, but that of a lost son like "the young captain," never could be. She was of great help, though, to her mother, as she knew quite well, with the house full of company, and her father entirely unmindful of everybody. She surely need not say to Ben how much she and her mother missed him every day.

Ben's eyes glistened as he read the letter. He did not resent its tone. Better than any thing it pleased him to know that he was missed. And what happier lot could man desire than that of servitor to Joan and her mother?

After he had read the letter twice through without a pause, he sat and thought upon its contents. There was no reason why he should remain where he was; he had stayed for days waiting the arrival of the letter—he would now go down to the Maryland coast.

Down to the Maryland coast he therefore went, until he came to Howe's Inlet—and the first man he saw there was Nathaniel Fawcett. He had been drawn by a true instinct to the little fishing-town; for no sooner had Nat seen that he occupied the position of a man who had something to fear from justice, than he had at once started for the place to which he had so long looked forward as his home. He could not recall any person to whom he had spoken about Howe's, except

"that land-lubber Ben," and he thought he must be safe with a spooney like him.

There was no mistaking Nat. He was so tall and so erect that it seemed as if he must see the impossibility of escaping detection unless he assumed another bearing. And by daylight, among people, he had assumed another bearing; but, now, alas! in the dusk of twilight, he was walking along the dusty street, which was like a country road, and had forgotten evidently for the moment that he was a fugitive.

Ben was so startled when he saw him that he stood stock-still—and then he looked back, and saw that Nat also was looking back. Ben fancied that he at once quickened his pace, and with swift step followed him. In less than two minutes both men were on a run; and, though Nat ran, as he began to suspect, for life, Ben ran for more, and so overtook him.

"What are you running for?" he asked, and with the demand his hand came down like a heavy weight on Nat's shoulder.

"What are you running for?" Nat replied, stopping short. "What do you want?" he asked, after a moment's pause.

"I want you," answered Ben, but, looking at Nat again, he doubted whether he had not mistaken his man. The heavy beard which had covered the lower part of his face was gone, and the aspect of his countenance was so different from that usually presented, that even in broad daylight Fawcett's old neighbors might have passed him without recognition. Had Ben not approached him from behind while he swung along in that free-and-easy manner, with a sense of security, Nat might easily have escaped the notice of his friend and adversary. He tried now to assume an appearance of surprise and indignation, but that would not do, so he said, at last: "Why, Ben Nichols, is that you? Who would ever have expected to see you so far away from home? What's your call? Come to look at my possessions?"

"Well, yes, I expect so," answered Ben. "What made you come off so sudden, not telling folks where to find you in case you was wanted?"

"Oh, well, I reckon the folks I left behind me don't care any thing particular about what happens to me," said Nat, eying Ben with a suspicion which he endeavored to conceal.

"You know better," said Ben.

"Well, now, who should?" It seemed to Ben, by the way Nat spoke, that he must have expected to hear him say that Joan did, for one. Ben felt that he was called upon to make this true answer, but it was hard for him to make it—for the moment, indeed, impossible. That hesitation cost him a long repentance, and much shame-taking.

"I'll tell you," he said, "if you'll take me to the place where you put up, and give me something to eat."

Fawcett hesitated. He did not yet feel certain about Ben. He might be a spy. He might have come down to Howe's with somebody who had a warrant in his pocket—nothing was more evident than that he felt far from easy. He had already acquired that habit of looking over his shoulder which Ben had predicted. But, on reflection, he seemed to see that it would be best to treat his comrade as a friend; so he took him to the tavern of the place, and by the light of a lamp the young men looked at each other, and Ben said to himself: "If I don't tell him about Joan, he will be off before morning, and who knows when he will be seen again?"

For a hungry man, Ben made a light meal; and, for a ravenously-curious man, he talked little. All that he did say had reference to the place he had arrived at—so hard he found it now that the moment had come, to speak the word which would take Nat back to Point Asten, if any thing could take him. He felt that he would willingly run Nat's chances merely to know that Joan had been so thoughtful of his safety, at a time when it might naturally be supposed that her mind would be filled with grief, and a desire that her brother's death should be avenged. But he reserved his great argument.

"There hasn't any thing been heard of Captain John yet," said he at last, putting down the cup he had raised to his lips, without tasting it. Sooner or later it must be said—now, then! Nat must know already what had brought him down there, even if he did not guess who had sent him.

"Nor of the schooner either? I have been on the lookout," said Nat.

"But you chose a queer place for your lookout. Why don't you come back and report, and not leave it all for little Haskell?"

"Has Haskell gone back?"

"Of course."

"He stayed by the brig. If I went home to your folks, I'd be swung before I had time to speak."

"Such a thing couldn't be," said Ben. "It would a-looked better in you to've come right away, Captain John's friend so. But it ain't too late yet. You must go back with me, Nat, and tell your story to the old man."

"Is that what brought you down here, Ben, to say that?"

"Yes."

"Who sent you?"

"I sent myself, for one. Come back and find out who sent me besides. You'll reckon it worth while going for that sending."

When Ben had thus delivered himself, he stood and looked at Nat; and, if Nat could understand the look, he knew what Ben was feeling—that he had now done a piece of work which made his case a clear one for this life. Nat would go back, and there would be no reason remaining why *he* should longer hug the shore. Nat was silent for several minutes.

"I can't go," he said, finally. "What is the old man doing?"

Should Ben tell him? He did:

"He has got out warrants for the arrest of the crew."

"Warrants! He thinks we murdered Captain John. It's a lie! I swear it wan't that way!"

"Did they stop their course to look for young Captain John?" asked Ben, with his heart in his voice. "If they did, come home and tell the old man—if they stopped one minute! He could stand it from the ocean better than he could from the men."

"The wind was blowing equal to anything I ever see," said Nat; but he could not say the thing which Ben had entreated him to say. The schooner had *not* lain to; there had *not* been a moment's pause, nor a single effort made to save the drowning man. "Haskell came back, then, and told you?"

"He brought the brig into Masthead, and he came and told our folks."

"That was the thing to do, clear," said Nat; "but there's no need of lying. I swear I thought we were all goners. I expected John would take to the schooner with us. I never thought of his—" He stopped short, shudderingly.

"Then you didn't know he was overboard?" exclaimed Ben, thinking how it would rejoice Joan to hear this.

"Not then, I didn't."

"Come back and say so, and see justice done."

"Yes, that's likely. Turn evidence on the man who saved my life!"

"He didn't save it. He only let you stay on board. What was that? You might have been safe enough, Nat, if you had stayed where you belonged."

"So you say. I have got my reward, then. I'll keep out of the old man's sight. I won't go back and look at the captain's folks and feel maybe I've been a party to their misfortune, and turn evidence besides. I can't do that. And, see here, what would they say of my whiskers being shaved off? I had it done to make you talk when I got back, but nobody would believe it now. Things are against me; Asten's is no place for me. I've quit."

"I came down here a-purpose to find you, Nat, and to tell you the sooner you go back the better for all concerned." There he paused. Then he gasped out: "Joan expects you—I came partly on Joan's account. It's all I come for!" When he said that, he thought: "I've settled the business now. He'll go back. It'll be made straight to him—the way will. I've done it." But, wonderful to relate, he felt strong to face his fate from the moment in which he had made it certain—the moment he had said to Destiny, "I yield!" Is it always so, men and women?

Nat did not answer him. He had nothing to say to that last great argument. After one or two efforts, he managed to turn the conversation, and at last bade Ben good-night, with the promise that he would think it all over, and perhaps they would be off together the next day.

But, when Ben went down-stairs next morning and inquired for Nat, he was told that he had gone from Howe's on board a schooner which sailed at midnight, bound for a port in the Gulf of Mexico. He had paid Ben's night-lodging, and also his stage-fare. The stage was to leave a little after sunrise.

While Ben was striving to possess himself of these facts, the driver sounded his horn, and the horses were drawn up before the

inn-door. Ben took his seat in the stage with a crushed look, and, as he was the solitary passenger from Howe's to the station, he was at liberty to conduct himself as he pleased by the way. For half an hour, maybe, he preserved an external solemnity, which would not have been out of place had he been attending his own funeral; after that he sang and whistled, and by turns built castles in the air, and let his memory run back with tender feeling to the days when he and John and Nat were boys together playing on the beach. And he repented the envy with which all summer long he had been thinking of his mates on the high-road to fortune while he hugged the shore. It was love for Joan kept him back, he dared now explain to himself, and he wondered at Nat that, after what he had told him, he should still have chosen to steal away in the dark. For himself, what risk would he not have run for Joan? What a risk he had run!

Within two weeks of the time of his departure, Ben had returned to the Point. All things were proceeding there as usual. Uncle Harry was still rowing the city people over to the bar for surf-bathing every morning. Mrs. Asten was busy in her kitchen, and Joan was here, there, and everywhere; there was no end to her activity. But a great change had taken place in the girl during these few days of mourning. Busy she might be about many things, but all the while one thought only occupied her mind.

When she heard somebody saying that Ben was in the yard, she lost no time in seeking opportunity for speaking alone with him.

He told her the result of her quest, and she said merely, "Is that all?" and, when he answered "Yes," she walked away with her head bent on her breast, as her father would have done, to think over all this, uncounselled, unobserved.

"It isn't all," said Ben to himself, when she had gone. "But I can't tell her the rest: that he wouldn't come back and face any thing after he knew that she had sent for him; that she wasn't equal to drawing of him back. What would she think of him?"—and days after, to these reflections, was added another, "What would she think of herself?"

One day "Long Rad" came down to the old man's and asked to see Joan. It was late in the summer, and the day after the departure of the last of the boarders. He had promised Mrs. Wilkes that he would make the visit she had advised "when the coast was clear," and he had learned during the day that Asten's house was empty. The rumor about the Point was, that Captain John, Junior, had spent a good deal of money for his father in the cranberry-swamp; and then there was that damaged brig on the old man's hands, to mention which was to drop poison into his sore wound.

Mrs. Wilkes, who had heard all this, considered that she and her party had been acting for Providence in discovering the beauties and attractions of the beach—henceforth as a summer-resort it was destined to fame—and she convinced herself that a son who had money must necessarily make good the place of the lost man. Accordingly she had spoken to Radcliffe, and talked herself into the belief that this venerable suitor would actually be accepted; and had notified him, moreover, that, in case he proved successful as a lover, the portion which of right belonged to herself must be expended on the house in extensions and repairs, that so it might be made a more comfortable abode for summer-visitors.

Radcliffe, old, wrinkled, gray, and grisly, had come, therefore, to make his proposition, and Joan, who had supposed that a word would answer him, found herself without it. Of all the words that would have expressed her desires so completely, why found she none to speak? He approached her by an avenue along which no human being had yet moved. She had guessed that her father was embarrassed by debts since the death of her brother, and that a portion of that embarrassment had been incurred that young John might have a fair start in life. But no voice had confirmed her suspicion until Radcliffe spoke. And he had alleviation of such trouble to offer—spoke freely of the plans of improvement suggested by Mrs. Wilkes, and promised to do every thing that might be needed for the better accommodation of summer-guests next year. What had she to say?

When she lost her brother, had she not lost every thing? Had not Fawcett perished along with John, "in deeper seas than he?" Why, then, should she permit herself to be an obstacle in the way to her poor father's relief? Oh, the sea gives up alive sometimes those who are reckoned among its dead! Oh, Love sometimes can triumph over Fear! Had neither the deep sea nor the land, of all their mill-

ions, one to give who should bring a smile into the face of Duty, and teach Sorrow a new tongue?

Joan could not give the old man the answer he waited to hear—neither that which she had prepared for such an hour. He must wait; he must come again.

But time is short, he reminded her, as he went away. Yes; this suitor was seventy years old! At seventy it is not safe to yield too much to the fickle heart of youth!

He came again, therefore, ere many days had passed. On the occasion of this second visit, Ben Nichols held with himself a council of war. He was no stranger to the progress of this courtship. Joan had reported to him every word of the conversation which had passed between them. She had told him as if she would fain have his advice, though his advice she had not asked, and he had not given it. While she told him she had worn the face of a mourner, and he could not doubt that her heart mourned for Nat as well as for John.

"I can't stand this," he said to himself, when he saw Radcliffe coming to the house the second time; and he went and packed his clothes that he might be ready to go outside any moment after he had spoken with her. "I must find Nat," he said. "I must bring them together somehow. If he won't come to her, why she must just go to him!" But he knew that he should find Nat a second time to still less good purpose than he had the first, unless he could take with him authority which would overcome all the poor fellow's scruples and fears. Armed with that, he would seek for him through every seaport on the coast, and never give up the search until he had won success.

When he saw Joan again, she smiled, perhaps because of the solemnity of the earnestness with which he was seeking her. How good she looked with that smile on her face, and how serene! He almost felt embarrassed, saying, "I am going away, Joan," as if suddenly the cause for going had been removed! "If I should happen to come across Fawcett"—that was what he knew he must say to her, and he persevered in spite of that snare of a smile—"is there any thing you'd like to have me say to him?"

"What would you say, if I told you I had no word to send?" she asked, with a little hesitation. Evidently his announcement had taken her by surprise.

"I would say that I had seen old Rad about this house too often!" answered Ben, bravely.

"You would? I would like to know what right you have to say a thing like that? He can help me—he can help me to help father. I am not going to desert my father. I must stand by him in the place—of his son. I must help him out of his troubles. What can a girl do?"

How cheerily she spoke—and yet what a dreary future she was pointing at, and facing!

"Isn't flesh and blood as good as gold?" said he, enraged. "I'll go and find you the man who ought to be standing here and speaking for himself; but, by thunder! I can speak for Nat; if he comes here and works for your father, and gets him out of his trouble somehow, as any young man can do *easy* who has the heart to do it, won't you be able to give up Radcliffe for him?"

"No," said she. And she looked at Ben with eyes filled all at once with the pleasant daylight—eyes that did not flinch before the amazement in his. After a moment, their gaze was withdrawn, and she looked quite away from him as she said, in a softened voice, "When we're not worth much of any thing to ourselves, and all's gone, why, maybe we can take thought for the comfort of others. If we can only do what's expected of us, you know, that's about all. Nat don't seem to me as he did. You'll never find him. You may not believe me, Ben; but I could take Radcliffe quicker. Don't say any thing more about either of them to me, Ben."

"Money is a great thing," said he, looking out toward the sea; "it's hard getting; but them that set out for it don't generally fail. There's something to be made by fishing. I am going outside. You laugh. No wonder. Joan! if I was seventy, and had my money, would there be any difference then betwixt Radcliffe and me?"

"There would be all there is," said Joan; and now it seemed as if suddenly in a time of shipwreck a spar had floated within reach of a hand that was strong in the instinct of life. She was equal to the saving of at least two lives!

"Oh, Joan, could you trust me, after all!" exclaimed Ben, hardly knowing what he said—letting his heart speak for him at last.

"I don't know," she said, but her voice was wonderfully cheerful, in expressing the doubt—and a wonderfully cheerful smile overspread her face to have come from a doubting heart. And after that it seemed of little consequence what Ben asked, or what Joan answered. They had grown slowly into an understanding of each other; but now day had broken, and an early summer was promised in all the signs.

Thus it came to pass that Radcliffe never paid his twelve hundred dollars for the gaining of Joan. Still, in time, all in good time, as in good time all good things happen to the good and the true, the addition to the house for the accommodation of city vagrants was built.

But not before the next season opened. The profits of the fisherman came in too slowly for that. Crabs, blue-fish, and Spanish mackerel, did well by him, however, and at last, in the fulness of time, Ben's ambition was satisfied.

When Mrs. Wilkes found what Joan had done, she said, "Radcliffe won't last a year, and there is all his money;" but by-and-by it dawned upon her that God's circulating medium is likely to prove of more enduring value than man's, that self-respect and love are not negotiable, and that the quiet holy of holies is a better place to abide in than the garish market-house.

The sea never gave back to the old captain his dear young Captain John, and poor fugitive Fawcett never showed himself so brave as to repent; but the heart of the father and the daughter's heart found life-long consolation in the tender and manly constancy of Captain Ben.

ON THE DEATH OF A CHRISTIAN LADY.*

UNPUBLISHED POEM BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

SAY ye the tie that binds
The Christian mother and the loving child
Grows weak by time?

Look at yon aged saint,
Who to the verge of fourscore years hath held
Her earthly pilgrimage with upward aim,
Large-minded and benevolent, and filled
With the Heaven-prompted Charity that weighs
Actions and motives kindly, and relieves
Penury and pain.

Her hour hath come to die—
Scarce warned—yet girded well, her spirit hears
The Master's call, admitting no delay,
And wrapped in lowliness, but strong in faith,
Enters the world unseen.

The daughter's eye,
Long on such guidance and example bent,
Is dimmed with bursting grief.

The tree hath fallen,
Under whose shadow she, with great delight,
Sate from her infancy. The fount is stanch'd
That ne'er in summer's heat or winter's frost
Withheld the crystal of its sympathy.
'Tis meet to mourn.

'Mid all the cherished props,
Conjugal and maternal—all the hopes
That round the blooming children of her heart
Cling tenderly—a heavy sense of loss
Broods o'er her joys. The golden chain of prayer
That bound her new-born being to God's throne
Is broken, and its links bestrew the grave.
'Tis meet that she should mourn.

Deem not the tie
That gathered strength with every rolling year
Is lightly riven asunder, or the pang
Soon banished when a Christian mother dies.

A GALLIC SENTINEL.

OUR picture, engraved from a painting by M. Luminais, represents a warrior of ancient Gaul, standing as a sentinel in a tree, evidently on the lookout for enemies. He is young, strong, fierce, and

* JANE BAYARD, wife of Chief-Justice Kirkpatrick.

full of energy. Erect and motionless upon the branch of an oak, the sacred tree of his nation, his watchful eyes will discern from afar the least sign of the approach of the foe. Let but a casque glitter, or a banner wave, on the distant horizon, and he will sound the war-cry which, repeated from tree to tree, from hill-top to hill-top, will arouse the people and call the whole tribe to arms.

This sentinel is a good type of that warlike race which once occupied France, and resisted so long and so fiercely the arms of Rome, and succumbed at last only to the military genius of the first and greatest of the Cæsars. His tall stature, his long locks, his vesture of wild-beast's skin, the bronze ring on his wrist, his short sword, and, in fact, his whole costume and appearance, correspond closely with those of the Gaul as he is described in the writings and represented in the sculptures of the Romans.

The old soldier Ammianus Marcellinus, who knew the Gauls well, and had fought them in their own country, describes them as tall, fair-skinned, golden-haired, and terrible for the fierceness of their eyes. All the ancient writers who mention them agree about their great stature; and Cæsar, who spent so many years among them, says that they looked with contempt on the diminutive Romans. Pausanias calls them the tallest of the human race. They were vain of their personal appearance, the poorest of them being always neat in their dress, while the richer affected showy garments and decorations. Their breeches were made of a variegated wool or plaid, and their *sagum*, or short cloak, of the same material, clasped over the shoulder and falling to the hips, was often embroidered with gold and silver figures. The more opulent chiefs covered themselves with a profusion of rings, collars, bracelets, and chains twisted of a flexible wire.

They were considered by the Greeks as the most warlike of people, and prodigious fables were current of their valor and audacity. Certain it is, that war was their favorite pursuit, and that they showed singular aptitude for it. "It was their custom," says Godwin, "to punish a youth who became fat, as it might interfere with his alacrity and vigor in battle; and the man who arrived last at the rendezvous of the army was always killed, in order to teach others promptitude." Their weapons consisted of a long, barbed, iron-headed spear, a heavy broadsword like the Scotch claymore, and lances and arrows which they hurled to a great distance. Cæsar says they were consummately ingenious in warlike strategy, and very skilful in constructing fortifications, and Sallust confesses that in every essential of military genius they equalled the Romans. After centuries of obstinate and sanguinary conflict, the Romans sub-



A GALIC SENTINEL.

dued them, not by superior valor, but by superior arms and better organization.

THE THREE BROTHERS.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT, AUTHOR OF "THE CHRONICLES OF CARLINGFORD,"
"THE BROWNS," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXII.—THE MUSIC-ROOM.

FRANK was alone on his second expedition to Richmond, which was a satisfaction to him. He was full of his scheme, and anxious to see how the land lay, and what Laurie's prospects might be, should he make up his mind to "go in" for the fifty thousand pounds. And he was quite willing to divert himself in the society of his future sister-in-law. The invitation had quite a family aspect altogether, he thought; and, instead of returning to his quarters, he had made his arrangements to go home for the Sunday, and rouse his mother to such steps as were practicable for securing Laurie's advantage. Frank left Royalborough with all the lively zest of a matchmaker, pleased with himself and his own generosity, and rather elated on his brother's account. Fifty thousand pounds!—two thousand five hundred a year, and always the prospect of something coming at the end of the seven years' probation! For a man who had no expensive tastes, and whose whole soul was wrapped up in pictures, it was a fortune. He could dabble in paint as much as he liked, and his wife could help him; and they could travel about as much as they liked, and go to all the pretty places—(sic)—that took their fancy. There was no one to whom he could have said as much in actual words; but the feeling in his mind was, if anybody had ever originated a better plan, that he'd like to hear of it. Ben had turned up, as Mary Westbury's letter told him; and, no doubt, Ben would make his way somehow or other. And, as for himself, Frank, there was no particular fear; but Laurie was the feeble one of the family, the one most likely to do little, to spend his strength for naught, or waste his own life for the advantage of others. And nothing could be so good for him as to be thus put on a comfortable shelf out of harm's way, at the very beginning of his career. He was fond of Laurie, as most people were; and it pleased Frank as much in his brotherliness as in his vanity to take him thus in hand and be the one to provide for him. This time it was to dinner he was going at Richmond, and he had written to the manor to beg his mother to send over the dog-cart for him and his portmanteau. The millionaire's house was beginning to be lit up in all its windows, when he drove along the avenue; the lights in it sparkled like fairy lamps in the blue, spring twilight; and when he entered the great hall, he was informed that nobody had come down-stairs yet, and that the dinner had been made an hour later, in consequence of some one else, who was to arrive by the train.

"The young ladies is in the music-room, sir," the butler said, respectfully, sing himself a native of Berks, and feeling that the advent of a Renton was an honor to the house; "and I was to tell you as tea is served in the drawing-room."

"Oh, I'll join the young ladies," said Frank, lightly, thinking of Nelly only, his sister-in-law that was to be. No doubt some one must be with her, but that did not matter—indeed, on the whole, it was so much the better, for it would not be becoming to flirt, except in the very mildest way, with a girl who was going to be your brother's wife. He ran up-stairs, telling the man he knew the way, and thus making a daring leap into intimacy, such as he would never have dreamed of, had he taken time to think. But his own plan had taken possession of him. Of course, she was going to be his sister-in-law, and it would be absurd to stand upon ceremony. Thus Frank, being unused to the excitement of so much thinking, was carried away by it, and took his own imaginations for granted. As he ran up-stairs, however, his ear was caught by the sound of the organ, a sound which had not been heard in Beecham so long as he had known the house, and to which Richmond, according to Nelly's description, was as little accustomed. The music seemed to fill the place, swelling through the stairs and passages, which were full of the darkness and stillness of the approaching night. Frank stood still to listen, and then went on with a surprised face, and with a new thrill in his heart. It was surely the same sonata he had heard softly breathing out of the dark drawing-room that night he had visited Fitzroy Square. Who could be playing? Could there be two girls in the world who had the same power, the same feeling for music, the same subtle sentiment, and expressive strength? But then how did he know at all that it was a girl who was playing? It might be some old

music-master, one of the sort of people whom Nelly loved. All the same, it had the effect of subduing his steps, and making his approach much less confident and unembarrassed. He lingered—he thought of going back—he felt himself a coxcomb and presumptuous animal. And yet he went on, partly by the force of the impulse which was still upon him, and partly allured by the dulcet and harmonious breath to which he was so susceptible. He knocked at the door, before entering, to be sure, but his summons was unheard in the midst of the music. Then he opened it softly, and went in. There was no light in the room except the pale twilight, which marked out every line of the windows, and the glimmering of the painted glass at the end by which he entered. He seemed to step out of the real world altogether into an enchanted place when he crossed that darkling threshold. The gilded organ-pipes caught a certain faint reflection, and under that dim shimmer sat a shadow, which was playing; while in the centre window, in the bay, looking out, as it seemed, into the night, another shadow, light and small as a fairy, stood listening or musing. The opposite wall of the room, and the picture which was so bright in the daylight, had retreated altogether into the glooms; and the painted window hung as if suspended in the air, all the solid wall in which it was set, and the dark oak carving under it, having receded into illegibility. Frank stood with his hand on the door, and held his breath. He felt at once like a fool and like an intruder, not knowing who they were whose privacy he was invading, and having no right whatever to be there even had he been sure it was Nelly who stood in the window. To burst into her particular privacy unannounced the second time he had been in the house! But Frank was bewitched, and stood still, blotting himself out as small as possible against the door.

But either the door had creaked or her quick ear had caught some sound of movement, for Nelly Rich turned round suddenly. She was not so absorbed in the music as the player was, or as Frank would have been had he been listening in a legitimate and proper way. Her mind was divided between that and a great many other thoughts, and gave but a partial attention to the sounds which filled the room. When she saw that another shadow had intruded into her retirement, Nelly gave a little cry, and flitted like a ghost toward the door.

"Who is there?" she cried, with a sharpness which struck in just at a pianissimo passage, and startled the player as well as the intruder. The music ceased with a kind of long-drawn wail, and the musician too gave a little scream. Frank would have been thankful if the old oak floor had suddenly opened and swallowed him up.

"A thousand pardons," he cried—"it is I, Miss Rich—Frank Renton. I don't know how to explain my intrusion. Pray forgive me. I was told I should find you here—and then the music—I have not a word to say for myself. Pardon—that is all."

"Was it papa who told you you would find me here?" said Nelly. "It is just like him. But, Mr. Renton, I am not papa, and I admit nobody but my friends to this room—especially in the dark," she added, with a quiver of coming laughter, which reassured Frank. He sank down upon his knees, as she stood with her arms extended, metaphorically thrusting him away.

"What can I say for myself?" said Frank. "I am a wretched sinner, not worthy to be admitted as a friend. Let me come in as a captive, like one of your Angles; or as a beggar, or—don't be too hard upon me. The evil is done. The mortal has crossed the threshold of fairy-land. Let him stay."

"Alice, advise me," cried Nelly, turning to the silent figure at the piano. "Shall we let him stay?"

So it was Alice! Something had told him so the instant he recognized that sonata. Now he turned his head toward her in the gloom, breathless, awaiting her answer. Alice, however, made no reply. She only returned to her organ, and took up her pianissimo passage. I cannot tell how she intimated her pleasure to the slave on the other side of the wall who "blew;" but, anyhow, she took it up where she had left off, and the soft, delicious sounds, the very voice of the darkness and stillness, whispered over the two darkling, undiscernible figures—one standing, one kneeling, in the gloom. A certain soft thrill of consciousness, half-comic, half-sentimental, moved Nelly. No doubt it had been partly in jest that Frank had put himself on his knees; but might it not be partly in earnest, too? Frank, for his part, had forgotten Nelly's very existence. It seemed natural to him

to listen thus to such a strain. He was not intellectual, and could have heard the finest poetry in the world unmoved. All his pretty sentiments about fairy-land, et cetera, were also the most superficial words; but the music seized upon, mastered him, put a soul into the young soldier. He turned half toward the instrument, kneeling, and unconscious that he was kneeling. To him it was poetry, art, passion, imagination, all in one. And Alice went on playing softly as in a dream; and the remaining rays of half-light gradually extinguished themselves, till even the two shadows at the door became scarcely discernible, and the organ-pipes faded into obscurity. It was a curious situation altogether, but only Nelly was aware of it. To her the fact was very evident that a handsome young guardsman, still kneeling on one knee, as to his sovereign, was before her; that twilight was settling down into night; that Mr. Frank Renton was a stranger; and that it was time to dress. Something prevented her from speaking, and cutting short the music; but her impatient mind, having got over the first charm, began to grow weary, and long for a change. She could not make out how it was that the musician went on, unfatigued with all those lingering notes. "That's the same thing all over again," Nelly said to herself, not being so fond of music as she ought to have been, as may easily be perceived. She glided back to the window at last: and Frank, roused by her motion, rose from his reverential attitude. He knew that Alice could not stop till the movement had come to an end; and was not impatient, but absorbed in the lovely harmony. But, after a while, the thought stole into even his mind that it would be best to get as much into the light as possible, and he followed Nelly to the window. There was a glimmering of the park visible outside, and, what was more to the purpose, a great expanse of blue sky and stars. And, in the room, there was the painted window, hanging in the air like a picture worked in jewels, suspended without visible support; and the music—and the two girls—even a poet could not have objected to all the accessories of the scene.

"Thanks, Alice, it is lovely," cried Nelly; "but all the same for the moment, my dear, I am glad it is done; for this is growing very ghostly.—Mr. Renton, I think I can see that you have come in, though you never got permission. Go before us, please, and let us know if there are lights in the passages; and, if you are good, and do every thing you are told, we will forgive you for coming in.—Alice, give me your hand. They are both intoxicated with the music, these two," cried Nelly, as if to herself; "and I don't believe they have any eyes to see that window hanging there all by itself. Come along, you people, who can hear and can't see; let us get into the light."

"But I can see, too," said Alice, softly, coming to Nelly's side.

"Ah, you are a painter's daughter," said Nelly; "but you would need to be a cat to see any thing now.—Thanks, Mr. Renton. Now wait a moment till our eyes are used to the light."

"Coming down to the common world again," said Frank, "is hard. No one can feel it more than I do. Take care of that step—even painters themselves cannot always see."

"I wish the common world were not down so many stairs," said Nelly; and then they emerged into the light. They were still in their morning-dresses; and Frank's eyes, once more out of the darkness, fell upon the fresh, girlish face, the mass of shining hair—all those tints of rose and lily which belonged to Alice Severn and her sixteen years. There was a great deal more expression in Nelly's little brown, sparkling countenance. She had lived a year or two longer in reality, a hundred years or so in experience. Alice's face lay like an inland lake moved from above, from without, by soft, kissing breezes, by beams of sunshine, but not by any movements from within. There were no volcanoes underneath, nor quicksands, nor sunken rocks. She was very young, and ignorant as a child. That want of definite expression which was a trouble to some of her friends, to Frank was a beauty. She looked like a saint or an angel to his eyes. In his worldly-mindedness and curious calculations of what he called practical matters, this face disturbed him, experienced man of the world as he was. What would she think of his scheme for Laurie? The first effect of her presence had been to drive Laurie and all his schemes out of his mind. And now the very contrast of her innocence brought them all back with a rush. It was not this visionary creature concerning whom the plot was laid; but Nelly, little sprite, who stood by her, a being manifest of this world.

"I wish Laurie had been here," cried Frank, abruptly, remembering his rôle. "He is the only man of our family who has an eye.

He would have raved about your window," Miss Rich, and the whole scene."

"That would have been kind of him," said Nelly, with a slight touch of disdain. "It was Mr. Lawrence Renton you were speaking of, Alice. Did you say he had gone away?"

"Gone away!" cried Frank, with a start, which endangered his footing on the stair.

"To Italy," said Alice. "We were all so sorry. He went yesterday morning, and the night before he came to bid mamma good-by. They say that it was quite suddenly that he had made up his mind."

"To Italy!" repeated Frank, in tones of absolute consternation. He stopped on the stair as he went down, to apostrophize mentally both heaven and earth. Gone! notwithstanding all the plans that were making for him. Frank stopped short, so much affected by the news that he forgot even the odd appearance that he made, standing on the stair. "Then how is it to be done—and who is to do it?" was the question that immediately suggested itself to his mind. Nelly Rich stood and looked up at him through the rails of the stair with bright eyes, full of mischief, contemplating his puzzled countenance. Who was to do it? By this time it seemed a matter of conscience to Frank that some Renton should appropriate Nelly and her fifty thousand pounds. And Ben was going to America, and Laurie had disappeared into the south. His face expressed the liveliest perplexity and self-interrogation. Who was to do it? Laurie being gone, and Nelly's fortune still unsecured, was it not necessary that he himself, casting all weaker ideas aside, should go in himself for the fifty thousand pounds?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SOME NOTIONS ABOUT DOMESTIC BLISS.

AS I am an old bachelor, and generally esteemed a very crusty one, my ideas about domestic bliss are possibly entitled to no respect. Not that I think so for my own part; indeed, I am convinced that the opinions I entertain on this subject are sound, dispassionate, and such as to commend them to all unprejudiced judges. I am aware, of course, that all old bachelors are supposed to see things with jaundiced eyes only; but the real truth is, they are unbiased "lookers-on in Vienna," see what others cannot see, and penetrate through disguises by which others are deceived. And it has been so long the fashion to suppose that domestic bliss is something which bachelors neither understand nor appreciate—a sort of sacred felicity that their obdurate hearts have not the virtue to embrace—that I am the more ready to utter my notions on the subject, just to show that, after all, the entrance into this charmed circle is not necessarily through the marriage-ring.

A captious and unhandsome critic might ask if there really is such a thing as domestic bliss, except in dreams. Are not the usual attempts to secure this social *ignis fatuus*, such a critic will ask, marred by perversity of temper, opposition of ideas, and that general selfishness which the seclusion and *abandon* of home bring often so conspicuously to the surface? No doubt this critic's question is pertinent in view of the kind of domestic bliss that commonly survives the arrangement known as matrimony; but he would be inspired with another feeling were he to turn his regards upon that neglected and depreciated class known as old bachelors. As an illustration of the comparative felicities, in a domestic way, between the two conditions, let me draw a parallel, suggested by a recent experience of my own.

It was only three weeks ago that I accepted an invitation to spend two days with my friend Appleby. Appleby is married. He has a wife—most married men have, the reader will say; but Appleby's wife makes him, as it were, many times married. Her presence, her individuality, her temper, her ideas, her wishes, her inches, surround and multiply upon him on all sides. Appleby has no room in his own house, and a very small corner in the outside world, so completely does Mrs. Appleby fill the boundaries of Mr. Appleby's sphere, and crush him into diminutiveness. But, after all, this is a digression. As I have no wife, my parallel must confine itself to something possessed in common; this is not much, it is true, but, just to point my moral, I ask the reader to look on this picture, selected by way of illustration out of a whole gallery of similar ones, and then on the one that follows. My companion-pieces are of—

TWO BREAKFAST-ROOMS.

Appleby's breakfast-room faces to the north. This in itself is an evil. Appleby's breakfast-room is warmed economically by stray heat coaxed away from the kitchen-range below, and persuaded to diffuse itself within this circle of domestic bliss—which it no doubt attempts, but ordinarily fails to do. This is simply an abomination. A breakfast-room not cheered in winter by a bright blaze is unworthy a place amid the domestic virtues. What more enlivening experience is there than that of coming down in the morning to a bright, cheery breakfast-room, in summer glad with the morning sun, in winter flushing and sparkling in the light of an open fire? But this deficiency is not all. Appleby's breakfast-room—it is a representative breakfast-room, and for this reason I select it—is hung with varnished paper, and is furnished with oak chairs and an oaken buffet. Upon the walls are a few black, old-fashioned prints, gloomy in wooden frames. The floor is covered with an oak-colored carpet, that will not show crumbs. The window-curtains are—but there are no window-curtains. The room is only adorned in this particular with a buff-tinted shade. This is Appleby's breakfast-room, all garnished and beautified in the fine spirit and under the perfect domination of "domestic bliss." And to this breakfast-room comes Mr. Appleby in slovenly dressing-gown and slovenly slippers, Mrs. Appleby in an old shawl and curl-papers, and several young Applebys all in tumult and snarling disorder. In this cheerless room, half-lighted, dull for want of cheerful tints in the furniture, and for lack of a blaze on the hearth, arranged purposely for a hurried and comfortless matutinal meal, the "domestic bliss" of the Applebys shows itself in a hundred irritabilities. And yet Appleby is always boasting about his matrimonial felicities. He never fails to introduce in our intercourse the subject of my bachelor loneliness and discomfort, and honestly wonders why I don't set up in my bachelor quarters a Mrs. B— (in curl-papers and faded silk, I suppose), for the sake of companionship, and domestic comfort, and all that. And yet Appleby has actually seen those bachelor quarters of mine, has been entertained in them, and knows all about their supreme felicities. But this reminds me that I am keeping the reader from a visit to those same quarters, and so let me proceed to my second picture.

It was only three days after my breakfast with the Applebys, that genial John Bunker came to breakfast with me. Jack Bunker is a whole-souled fellow, who knows when a thing is *recherché*, and who has the wit to appreciate a bit of bachelor felicity. I always breakfast in my library—this being the name my man James gives to my book-room, where I have a few books, a few pictures, and gather all the little tasteful articles that I own—a vase or two, a statuette, a rare print, a bit of china, all of which I tone up with warm upholstery. I like to eat in my best apartment; to partake of my meals under the pleasantest and most enlivening conditions. Eating and drinking is with me a fine art. That "good digestion may wait on appetite and health on both," I put my mind in its sweetest, its calmest, its most contented mood, by means of all the agreeable surroundings I can command.

You should have seen Jack Bunker when he came gayly tripping into my book-room on the morning referred to.

"Bless my soul, Tom, this is charming," he exclaimed. And he looked around, *tasting* all the points. There was a glowing blaze from bituminous coal in the low, polished grate. On a brass pendant stood the shining coffee-pot, from which issued low murmuring music and delicious odors. The firelight was glancing up on the picture-frames, and the gilt backs of the books, and on the warm-tinted walls, and the ceiling, and the upholstery that fell over the door-way, and partly shut out, partly let in at the window the bright glances of light from the morning sun. Then the brilliant white cloth on the table, and the easy-chairs for host and guest, and a new picture only sent home the day before standing on an easel near, and the morning paper warming by the fire—well, it was a pleasant picture, even if I say it who shouldn't. Jack rubbed his hands, evidently enjoying the air of comfort, brightness, and warmth, that filled the whole space, and sat himself down in his cosy chair, and looked around at the books and the pictures, and repeated again, "Well, Jack, this is charming. You'll never get rid of me. I'll sip your mocha, munch your toast, and chat about things in general, for a week." I confess this pleased me. I have a weakness for this sort of quiet elegance—I suppose it is a weakness, as a liking for all comfortable and pleasant things are weaknesses, according to a very common dogma—and I like to meet a man like Jack Bunker who thinks as I do.

I am not going to describe the breakfast further. My sole purpose has been to draw two pictures, in order to show that domestic bliss isn't better understood or oftener realized by Benedicts than bachelors. But no doubt some one will ask why all these conditions of domestic happiness are not possible with "lovely woman" to enhance the bliss of the scene. Think, the questioner probably says, of some beautiful creature sitting by the side of the urn, serving your coffee, applauding your pictures, listening to you as you read a bit of news from the morning journal; perhaps, with her hands in yours, or with her dainty foot on the fender, chatting with you softly but joyously over many pleasant themes. It must be admitted that this is a pretty picture. But what if the "lovely woman" comes down to the breakfast-room frowsy and fierce? What if she appears in a dressing-gown and curl-papers? What if she has a chronic fondness for *déshabillé*? What if she prove one of those whose nerves never get calm or in accord until after the morning is well passed? In my bachelor-home, domestic bliss is mine, beyond doubt; if I open the door to a "lovely woman," there is no telling what Pandora's box I shall uncover. Besides, it is a conviction of mine that refined and perfect domestic comfort is understood by men only. This is rank heresy, of course. I know that many ladies will turn from my sentences in indignation; but my opinion is well-grounded for all that. Women are not personally selfish enough to be fastidious in these things. They are usually neat to circumspection; but it is a cheerless and aggressive neatness—moral and inflammatory rather than luxurious and artistic. They are neat because they constitutionally hate dust, not because neatness is important to their own selfish comfort. Women are rarely epicureans. They have no keen enjoyment in eating and drinking, in dreams and laziness; they do not understand intellectual repose. It is not the quiet, the serenity, the atmosphere of home that they at heart care about. Give a woman a new ribbon, and she will go without her dinner. Promise her a ball, and she will sit nightly for a month in a fireless room, muffled up in a shawl, and never murmur. She is fond of dress, not of comfort; of decoration, not of peace; of excitement, not felicity. And then, moreover, she is too willing to be ill-at-ease; too easily satisfied in all those things that pertain to personal comfort, and is far too much disposed to make the best of every thing, to enter fully into the necessity of creating domestic comfort. She likes home because there she has authority, there she receives her friends and shows her furniture, there she can give grand balls, and thereby get invitations to other grand balls—but, when matrimony introduces a man to *recherché* breakfasts, to perfect little dinners, to delightful social evenings, to perfectly-appointed parlors, then I shall believe that true domestic bliss is feminine in conception. But there is much more that may be said on this subject, and while obdurate in my sins, at the same time deprecating the anger of my fair readers, whom I still devoutly admire, I await the editor's permission to speak again.

RINGS.

THE ancients had a notion that Prometheus was the inventor of rings, and that he made the first one from a link of the chain with which he had been bound to the rock in Caucasus. Certain it is that rings are mentioned in the earliest records of our race, and generally with a sort of superstitious sacredness ascribed to them.

A recent traveller in Egypt, describing the dress of the women represented in one of the most ancient tombs of Thebes, says: "From her ears hung large, round, single hoops of gold. Sometimes an asp, whose body was of gold set with precious stones, was worn. Sometimes two or three rings were worn on the same finger; while occasionally she indulged in the superfluous feminine extravagance of a ring on the thumb."

The custom of wearing rings was believed to have been introduced into Rome by the Sabines, who are described in the early legends as wearing gold rings with precious stones of great value and beauty. But, at whatever time they may have been customary at Rome, at first they were *always* of iron, were destined for the same purpose as in Greece—namely, to be used as seals—and every free Roman had a right to use such a ring. This iron ring was used down to the last period of the republic by such men as loved the simplicity of the good old times. Marius wore an iron ring in his triumph over Jugurtha; and several noble families adhered to the ancient custom, and never wore gold ones. Ambassadors used gold rings only in public; in pri-

vate they wore their iron ones. Sulla wore a ring with a gem, on which Jugurtha was represented at the moment he was made prisoner. Pompey used a ring on which three trophies were represented; and Augustus at first sealed with a sphinx, afterward with a portrait of Alexander the Great, and at last with his own portrait.

The legend of King Solomon's ring will be found in Josephus, though by some critics it is regarded as an interpolation. It is stated that Josephus had witnessed the healing of many demoniacs by one Eleazar, a Jew, in the presence of the Emperor Vespasian, by the application of a medicated ring to the nostrils of the parties, and that, on this Jew's reciting several verses connected with the name of Solomon, the devils were extracted through the noses of the parties. It is not improbable that this story is nothing more than an allusion to the celebrated magic ring of Solomon, said to have been found in the belly of a fish, and concerning which a great many idle fictions have been created by the Arabian writers. They have a book, called "Seal-enthral," expressly on the subject of magic rings, and they trace this ring of Solomon, in regular succession, from Jared, the father of Enoch, to Solomon himself.

Disraeli, in the first volume of his "Curiosities of Literature," tells us that the Arabians have many stories concerning Solomon, and always describe him as a magician. His adventures with Aschmedia, the prince of devils, are numerous. One of the most remarkable is, that Aschmedia, who was prisoner to Solomon, the king having contrived to possess himself of the devil's seal-ring, and chained him, one day offered to answer an unholy question put to him by Solomon, provided he returned him his seal-ring and loosened his chain. The impertinent curiosity of Solomon induced him to commit this folly. Instantly Aschmedia swallowed the monarch, and, stretching out his wings up to the firmament of heaven, one of his feet remaining on the earth, he spit out Solomon four hundred leagues from him. He then assumed the likeness of the king, and sat on his throne. From that hour did Solomon say, "This, then, is the reward of all my labor," according to Ecclesiasticus i. 3.

But the signet-ring of Solomon is one of the most famous in antiquity. It had the mystic word *Schemhamphorash* engraven upon it, and it gave him the command of spirits, and procured for him the wonderful *shamir* which enabled him to build the temple. Every day, at noon, it transported him into the firmament, where he heard the secrets of the universe. This continued till he was persuaded by the devil to grant him his liberty, and to take the ring from his finger; the demon then assumed his shape as King of Israel, and reigned three years, while Solomon became a wanderer in foreign lands.

The ring of Gyges, shepherd to the King of Lydia, it was reported, was taken by him from the finger of an ancient Bramin, whose body he found in the belly of a brazen horse in a deep cavity of the earth. The jewel in this ring rendered its wearer invisible, and, when turned toward the palm of the hand, enabled him to see whomsoever and whatsoever he desired. Availing himself of this treasure, Gyges secured the favor of the queen, and then, conspiring with her against her consort, he slew him, and, having married the queen, obtained possession of the throne.

In 1589 it seemed to have been customary to give away rings at weddings, and we remember an account of Edward Kelly, the famous philosopher of Queen Elizabeth's days, at the marriage of one of his maid-servants, giving away, in gold wire, rings to the value of four thousand pounds.

The custom of using the ring when solemnizing any binding ceremony is very ancient. It was used as a pledge because the ring was a seal by which all orders were signed (Genesis xxxviii. 18; Esther iii. 10, 12).

The ring is not given for an ornament, but as a seal to signify the woman's duty in preserving her husband's goods, and because the care of the house has heretofore properly seemed to belong to her.

St. Clement of Alexandria, speaking of the nuptial ring, explains it as "still intended for a signet."

In "Gems and Jewels," we find "the ring presented to the betrothed maiden was an iron one; a loadstone was set in place of a gem. It indicated the mutual sacrifice made by the husband and wife of their liberty; the magnet indicated the force of attraction which had drawn the maiden out of one family into another."

The circle of gold around the Hindoo heavens is the symbol of the sun's sphere, and, understood spiritually, it is the divine love sur-

rounding and containing all. The wedding-ring represents the same thing in miniature:

"And, as this round
Is nowhere found
To flaw, or else to sever,
So let our love as endless prove,
And pure as gold forever."

There is an old proverb, "As your wedding-ring wears, your cares will wear away."

The wedding-ring is said to be worn on the left hand to signify the subjection of the wife to her husband, as the right hand signifies authority, power, and independence; and on the fourth finger of that hand, because of the old idea that a small artery ran from this finger to the heart.

Some old writer thus describes the ring-fingers: "For a soldier or doctor, the thumb; a sailor, the finger next; a fool, the middle-finger; a married or diligent person, the fourth, or ring-finger; a lover, the last, or little finger."

In the ancient ritual of marriage, the ring was placed by the husband on the top of the thumb of the left hand, with these words: "In the name of the Father"—removing it to the forefinger, saying, "of the Son;" to the middle-finger, "and of the Holy Ghost," finally leaving it on the fourth, or ring-finger, with the word "Amen."

The reason why all those who wear rings *ex officio* wear them on the fourth finger is, that it is the "first vacant finger," the thumb and first two being reserved as symbols of the three persons of the Blessed Trinity. When a bishop gives his blessing, he does so with the thumb and the first two fingers.

Lady Milton's wedding-ring was altogether the work of the noble bridegroom, being fashioned by his own hands from a nugget dug by him in British Columbia during his visit to the gold-fields, after his Northwest passage by land, a few years ago.

Among the Romans, it was the custom for the man to give his intended a ring as a sign of the contract between them. In Pliny's time, it was plain iron, with a stone in it, but afterward of gold, which the engaged lady always wore in sight—a sort of *caveat emptor*, or notice to all, that she was no longer disengaged.

Some writer says, very truly: "The ring is a pretty mystic type, and suggests a great deal to a lively fancy. Thus, being round, it is obviously a symbol of perfection and of eternity, having neither beginning nor end that we can see, and is, of course, a proper emblem of love, that usually begins without notice, and ought always to be without end."

Among the Catholics, there is a form of hallowing the wedding-ring, and they believe there is virtue enough in this golden cincture to remove a sty from the eye, if rubbed with it.

In France, rings made of rushes are said to have been used in some cases of marriage.

In "Notes and Queries" may be read the following curious posies: "A ring was found near Oxford, with this expressive inscription, 'I lyke my choyce.'"

"On King Charles II.'s mourning-ring was the motto,

'Chr. Rex.
Remem—oblit—ber,
30 Jan. 1648.'

"Lady Cathcart, on marrying her fourth husband, Hugh Macquire, in 1713, had the following posy inscribed on his wedding-ring:

'If I survive, I will have five.'

"In 1783 a gold ring was found on a field of battle, which had this inscription in Norman-French: '*On est nul loiauls amans qui se post garder des mauz disans*' (No lovers so faithful as to be able to guard themselves against evil speakers). Between every two words, and at the beginning of each line, is a boar's head. This being the crest of the Campbells, it is not improbable that the ring was that of the Earl of Argyle."

The ancient practice of divining by the ring was something like the modern table-rapping. They marked the alphabet on the edge of the table, then suspended a consecrated wedding-ring by a thread or hair; whatever letters it stopped over, spelled the answer. If swung in reach of a tumbler, it would strike the glass once for yes, and twice for no. If a hair is taken from the head of some one who is in the company, it will swing "toward that individual only."

It was an old custom in Northumberland to have a syllabub for

the May Feast, then drop into it a wedding-ring, and fish for it with a ladle. The fortunate finder would be surely the first married.

Cornelius Agrippa relates that Apollonius Tyaneus had a set of seven rings, made by rule under the seven planets, which he wore on the corresponding days of the week, and thus every day learned the secrets of Nature. These rings were presented to him by an Indian prince, chief of the Gymnosophists.

A crystal ring is mentioned, in which a young child could see all that they demanded of him, and which was broken by the possessor, as the devil tormented him too much.

The Sorcerer of Courtray had a ring with a demon enclosed in it, to whom he had to speak every fifth day.

"Such a ring had Johannes Jodocus Rosa, of Cortacensia, who every fifth day had conference with the spirit enclosed, using it as a counsellor and director in all his affairs. By it he was not only acquainted with all newes, as well forrein as domestick, but learned the cure and remedie for all griefs and diseases, inasmuch that he had the reputation of a learned and excellent physition. At length, being accused of *sortilege*, or enchantment, at Arnham in Guelderland, he was proscribed, and in 1548 the chancellor caused his ring, in the public market, to be layd upon an anvil, and with an iron hammer beaten to pieces."

Rings, used as charms, are considered very potent in Berkshire, England, against convulsions and fits of every kind, if made from a piece of silver collected at the communion, and especially if on Easter Sunday.

In Devonshire, they prefer a ring made of three nails or screws that have been used to fasten a coffin, and that have been dug out of the church-yard.

In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1794 we are told that "a silver ring will cure fits, if made of five sixpences collected from five different bachelors, and conveyed by the hand of a bachelor to a smith that is a bachelor. None of the persons who give the sixpences are to know for what purpose, or to whom."

The *London Medical and Physical Journal* for 1815 notices a charm successfully employed in the cure of epilepsy, after the failure of various medical means. It consisted of a silver ring contributed by twelve young women, and was constantly worn on one of the patient's fingers.

The talismans of Samothrace, so famous among the Greeks, were engraven, not on precious stones, but on little bits of iron, which were enclosed in rings of gold.

In the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments" we read of a wonderful ring—as also a lamp—by rubbing which, two frightful genii appear, the slave of the ring and the slave of the lamp, who execute the bidding of any one who has these talismans. But this story is too well known.

The King of Araby and Ind sent a ring to Canace, daughter of Cambuscan, which would enable her to understand every species of bird, and the virtue of every plant.

Odin, the reputed progenitor of the Scandinavian kings, carries on his shoulders two ravens, named Hugin and Munin (Mind and Memory), whom he sends daily to bring him news of all that is doing in the world. He also has three treasures: Sleipnir, an eight-footed horse; Gungnir, a spear which never fails him; and Draupnir, a magic ring, which every ninth night drops eight other rings of equal value.

Josephus, in his "Antiquities of the Jews," says: "Trebellius Maximus rose up hastily, and took from Sentius's finger a ring, which had a stone with the image of Caius engraven upon it, and which, in his zeal in speaking, and his earnestness in doing what he was about, as it was supposed, he had forgotten to take off himself. This sculpture was broken immediately." Then, again, in describing the robes of the high-priest: "The breastplate exactly filled up the void space in the ephod. It was united to it by golden rings at every corner, the like rings being annexed to the ephod, and a blue ribbon was made use of to tie them together by those rings; and, that the space between the rings might not appear empty, they contrived to fill it up with stitches of blue ribbons."

St. Edward, in his last illness, in the year 1066, gave his ring to the Abbot of Westminster. The ring was said to have been given to the king by a pilgrim, who said St. John the Evangelist had informed him the king's death was near. St. Edward's ring was kept at Westminster Abbey, and was used for curing the cramp or falling-sickness. From this came the custom of English kings, who believed they in-

herited St. Edward's powers of cure, of solemnly blessing, every year, rings for distribution. Good Friday was the day for blessing the rings. They were of gold and silver; the metal of which they were made was what the kings offered to the cross on Good Friday. They were often called "medicinal rings," and were freely given away, being much in request even by foreign ambassadors.

The following description of meridian rings is taken from the third series of "Notes and Queries:" "A brass circle of about two inches diameter. On the outer side are engraved letters, indicating the names of the months, with graduated divisions; and, on the inner side, the hours of the day. The brass circle itself is to be held in one position by a ring; but there is an inner slide, in which there is a small orifice. This slide being moved so that the hole stands opposite the division of the month when the day falls of which we wish to know the time, the circle is held up opposite the sun. The inner side is, of course, then in shade; but the sunbeam shines through the little orifice, and forms a point of light upon the hour marked on the inner side. It gives the hour with great exactness."

As early as 1606, we read of a sport called "Riding at the Ring," which is thus noticed: "Two perpendicular posts are erected on this occasion, with a cross-beam, from which is suspended a small ring. The competitors are on horseback, each having a pointed rod in his hand, and he who, at full gallop, passing between the posts, carries away the ring on the rod, gains the prize."

Hudibras says:

"More probable and like to hold
Than hand, or seal, or breaking gold."

And Dr. B——, in a note, says: "Breaking gold was formerly much practised, and, when done, it was commonly believed that such a man and woman were made sure to one another, and could marry no other persons—that they had broke a piece of gold between them, which was looked upon to be a firm marriage-contract; nothing was thought to bind the contract more firmly, before they were actually married, than this breaking a piece of gold."

It was to this superstition that Scott alluded when, in "The Bride of Lammermoor," he represented the master of Ravenswood and Lucy Ashton as plighting their troth by breaking a piece of gold and dividing it between them: "'Never shall this leave my bosom,' said Lucy, as she hung the piece of gold round her neck, and concealed it with her handkerchief, 'until you, Edgar Ravenswood, ask me to resign it to you; and, while I wear it, never shall that heart acknowledge another love than yours.' With like protestations, Ravenswood placed his portion of the coin opposite to his heart." It was the recollection of this impressive ceremony that weighed so heavily on the heart and conscience of Lucy when compelled to renounce her lover and to marry the Laird of Bucklaw, and drove her to the act of desperation which ended so abruptly her married life. A similar ceremony had really taken place between Lord Rutherford and Janet Dalrymple, the actual prototypes of the lovers in the novel, Scott having adopted, with little change, the incidents of their melancholy history.

ACROSS MONT CENIS.

AMONG the seven routes which lead across the Alps into Italy, none is more important or more interesting than that which crosses Mont Cenis. The ordinary road, built like that over the Simplon, by order of the great Napoleon, required five years' labor and nearly two million dollars. It is a masterpiece of bold and solid road-building, abounding in scenes of matchless beauty and grandeur, and of infinite usefulness for the active intercourse between France and Italy. But, great as its advantages are in comparison with the mule-tracks which it superseded, it has long since ceased to suffice for the increased quantities of merchandise and the growing number of passengers who travel over it; besides, it does not satisfy any longer the necessity for rapid travelling which characterizes our day. The traveller who has come all the way from Paris to Saint-Michel in sixteen hours does not like to spend twelve hours on the short distance between that town and Susa on the other side of the Alps.

It was for the purpose of filling up this break that a tunnel was proposed which should pierce the mountain-barrier; but the work threatened to be slow and costly. By ordinary means it could not have been accomplished in less than twenty-four years, and at an enormous expense. After various changes, the Italian and the French

Governments undertook the gigantic task jointly, pledging themselves to spend twenty-five million dollars for the work. It is not Mont Cenis itself, but an adjoining mountain called Mont Tabor, which is to be pierced by this tunnel; in order to shorten the enormous length of the passage, the two openings were chosen as high up as the future grade would permit, and at the same time in such a manner that the waters could escape with ease both northward and southward. By very nice and ingenious devices, the point of contact in the very heart of the mountain was determined trigonometrically, as the summit of Mont Tabor is inaccessible, and vast peaks in great number prevented an external measurement.

The machinery by which the rock is perforated is driven by compressed air—a neighboring brook furnishes the necessary water-power to drive six large hydraulic wheels of eighty horse-power each, which fill and empty alternately ten immense tubes of cast iron, and thus provide a vast quantity of compressed air, which keeps in these magazines for twenty-four hours without sensible loss, and can easily be transmitted to all the points where it is needed. It passes through long, slender pipes up the side of the mountain and into the depth of the tunnels, where it furnishes the motive power to set in motion the powerful steel augers. Inside the tunnel, the pipes are laid underground, to protect them against falling masses of rock; at the end they change into india-rubber hose covered with strong linen, which is unrolled as the work advances. Each hose ends in one of the perforating machines, and enables them to strike the rock two hundred times a minute with great force; when the hole is drilled sufficiently deep, a cartridge is placed in it and exploded. The rock is blasted, the fragments are carried off, and the machine begins its work anew. The daily progress is about six feet; at the beginning of the year about five thousand feet remained to be done, and it was hoped that the work might be completed early in 1871, if not sooner.

As the tunnel is to be the longest ever attempted—it will have a length of thirty-six thousand feet—the supply of air seemed to present a serious difficulty. To sink shafts from above was, of course, out of the question, on account of the height of the Alps; but, when the work is completed, the ventilation will probably be more than complete, thanks to the difference in climate on the northern and the southern terminus, and thanks to the fact that the tunnel, being three hundred and eighty feet higher on one end than on the other, will act like a huge chimney with a considerable draught. In the mean time the ventilation is produced by the motive power itself; the ingenious inventor, M. Sounneiller, makes the machinery which furnishes the compressed air, also supply, at each motion of the piston, a certain amount of air for respiration. But the curious feature about the arrangement is this: the good air, brought through pipe and hose to the inner end of the tunnel, drives the foul air toward the mouth, but, as it is there met and driven back by the outer air, it returns half-way and remains stationary there. A special engine is employed to suck it up at this spot, and to drive it out into the atmosphere. All the material is forwarded to the great height at which the tunnel is situated by an equally ingenious machinery; two cars fastened to each other by a chain wound round a pulley, move on a couple of tracks; one is filled with water on the top, and forces the other up, loaded with men's tools and provisions. Twelve hundred workmen, for whose comfort a village has been specially built near by, are constantly engaged; they are Piedmontese, work for very low wages, live frugally, and lay by considerable savings.

This magnificent tunnel, costly as it is in point of labor and time, will nevertheless be of immense importance by furnishing a passage across a barrier, heretofore considered impassable, at a reasonable cost, with perfect safety to goods and to passengers, in a few hours. In spite of the enormous outlay, no doubt of its profitable nature is entertained by the contractors and the two governments that furnish the funds. The only danger apprehended for its success is from competition.

For, a formidable rival is even now hard at work over the very mountain which the tunnel is to pierce. As soon as the necessity for improved means of transportation across the Alps became evident, engineers went to work to overcome the apparently insuperable difficulty of enormous grades. Great efforts had already been made in this direction at home and abroad. Trains had been drawn up steep grades, on which no engine could move by its own force, by heavy cables or chains, by atmospheric pressure, or by enormously-heavy stationary engines, such as were long employed on the Sommering. In

our own country, we have had such contrivances at Niagara, Mount Holyoke, and Mount Washington. But, ever since 1830, experiments had been made to overcome these difficulties, by employing a third wheel or a third rail, such as is claimed to have been invented by the Swede Vignole, our own Ericsson, and the French Baron Séguier. Its most perfect form, so far known, is called the Tell system, and consists theoretically of the following mechanism: Besides the usual two rails, a third one rises in the centre, between the other two, to the height of several inches, and is securely fastened to the cross-pieces of the track. The engine and the cars have, in like manner, besides the usual wheels running on the outer rails, four inner wheels, placed horizontally, which press against the middle rail, and grasp it firmly. This increases, of course, the adherence immensely, and enables a train to ascend almost any grade not exceeding one foot in ten. By means of a most powerful brake, moreover, the inner wheels can be almost immovably fastened to the inner rail, and thus enable the engineer to stop a whole train, even when descending a heavy grade, at an instant's warning. Nor is this all; for the inner rail protects the train from all possibility of running off the track, even in the boldest curve, and thus the Tell system overcomes all the ordinary difficulties of steep grades and short curves.

The railway which, by this ingenious invention, has been rendered possible, even across the summit of Mont Tabor, follows the old high-road, one-third of which has been granted for the purpose. It is separated from the remainder by a low barrier, so as not to interfere with shy horses or careless drivers; in a few places, where the zigzag of the pike is too abrupt, the railway makes a wider curve. The main difficulty was the abundance of snow on the higher parts of this route, which, during six months of the year, covered the ground continually and to the height of several yards. Here tunnels have been built for several miles, covered with copper-sheeting and open in the centre to let the smoke escape, which so far have answered the purpose well. But, where avalanches threatened the railway, galleries of solid masonry have been built, the roofs of which follow so closely the slope of the mountain-side, that the masses falling from above glide harmlessly over them. In spite of these precautions, the snow accumulates every winter at certain places in such quantities that the trains cannot proceed, and the travellers are forwarded on sleighs to the nearest sheltered place, where another train is kept in waiting. Nor are all the dangers confined to winter: in summer also, and especially in the fall, violent tempests often fill the road so completely with masses of rock, stones, and earth, washed down from above, that the trains are stopped, or the track itself is carried off. Against these dangers, which threaten ordinary roads as much as railways, there is no protection, except the preservation of existing forests, and the laying out of extensive plantations on the upper slopes.

The narrowness of the road placed at the disposal of the engineers, the enormously steep grades and short curves, and the necessity of employing only very small locomotives, are serious hinderances. The trains cannot transport more than forty-eight passengers at a time, and only run twice a day in each direction; they carry little freight and charge high prices. But, in spite of these drawbacks, due partly to the nature of the soil and the location of the road, and partly to the exceptional and provisional character of the enterprise, the Tell Railway has been of eminent service. It has scarcely failed a day to carry nearly two hundred passengers from one side of the Alps to the other, at a cost of only twenty-five francs, while the diligences charged thirty-seven francs. The time, in good weather, is reduced from twelve or fourteen hours, required by the stages, to five and a half; besides, the danger of crossing the mountain, even in midwinter, is much less by rail than by diligence, for, although delays have occasionally occurred, no loss of life has ever been the result of an accident, while carriages and mail-coaches used frequently to upset, and to endanger the safety of the passengers. The mental wear and tear, it is true, may be considered a serious drawback; few minds are strong enough to remain unmoved, as the train skirts a precipice of several thousand feet, or makes straight for an abyss, but very soon the admirable working of the whole mechanism reassures even the most timid, whom repeated experience has taught that at the proper moment the train will turn almost upon itself, and that, even at the worst, the brakes are powerful enough to arrest it on the steepest descent. Hence, there is no lack of passengers in either direction, summer and winter, and no accident has ever yet happened, in spite of the apparent danger. On the contrary, the system has worked so well, that serious doubts are en-

terted whether a tunnel through the mountain, or a railway over the mountain is, in the end, the better way to overcome great barriers like the Alps and the Vosges. Engineers, however, entertain well-founded hopes that even better and especially cheaper methods may be found, to run trains on the shortest curves and heaviest grades, and the progress made so far justifies the expectation. Railways can and will, from year to year, contribute more and more to the moral as well as the material progress of nations, and unite them, with increasing closeness, into one common brotherhood.

THE ŒCUMENICAL COUNCIL.

IN a previous number of this JOURNAL ("Last Œcumenical Council"), we have shown how utterly inappropriate was the term *Œcumenical* to the Synod of Trent. From first to last it was a party affair, in which Christendom felt no interest, and against whose decisions it protested. We pointed out a singular historical parallel in the present convocation of the Vatican, whose Œcumenicity even such men as Dupanloup doubt. It is but a council of the Latin Church, in which the Eastern Churches and the immense body of Protestants have no sympathy. And as at Trent, so at Rome, the Jesuits originated the whole affair, outlined its proceedings, and, as far as they are able, control them.

In 1864, the enormous strides of nations, in progress and internal reform, seemed to threaten the very existence of the papacy. Men who had been born under its sway and grown gray in its service, seemed doubtful of its continuance as a temporal power. Dissidents in Rome were only awed by French bayonets and maniacal zouaves, ready at the word of command to commit any massacre, and glory in it. In the conclave, every individual cardinal distrusted his fellow. The minister Antonelli ruled by dread and cunning, watching his enemies narrowly at every step, and being himself watched in turn by them. The finances were exhausted, and all available means of taxation already adopted. It was necessary to accept the detested aid of Italy, to save the Pontifical credit from bankruptcy. Its friends, like the Prince Torlonia, fought shy of its chronic impecuniosity. The Jews, so often goaded to desperation by iniquitous oppression and galling insults, were now appealed to for pecuniary aid. When one of their number was summoned to the Vatican, a certain monsignor expressed his surprise that the minister would condescend to treat with Jews, to which he replied: "If *Satan* came with money, he would be welcome." On another occasion he remarked what a pity it was that the Prince of Darkness had given up paying for subjects, for he could dispose of at least a hundred fools for as many hundred scudi.

It became necessary to adopt some plan of rehabilitation. The pope, who believes himself under the special patronage of the Blessed Virgin, applied to her, in a Triduum which was celebrated with much pomp. It may be surmised that the active brain of Perrone and the general of the Jesuits was busy about the Vatican embarrassments; for out of the Triduum came the idea of the council. It was to assemble all the supporters of the Vatican, to attempt one grand effort to stem the rising tide of liberalism. The lurking superstition in the public mind, it was thought, might quail before this imposing show. If not, it would raise money. Offerings from all nations would flow in, and the Pope would be able to ease his mind of much pent-up rancor, against certain rebellious kings and princes, who had thrown off their allegiance to Rome. Policy and Religion have always gone hand in hand in Rome. It is a great thing to raise a good man to the bead-rol of saints. It brings in ten thousand scudi. The Roman *Curia* had long been sensible of a growing dissatisfaction in various parts of the Church, which refused to be silenced by an imperious command. It had taken the novel method of appealing from papal decisions to the decisions of popular common-sense, which almost invariably supported it. If even the spiritual strength was to remain intact, while the hold on the temporal seemed so precarious, this must be authoritatively checked. A house divided against itself cannot stand. Anticipating opposition, even in powerful quarters, where the needy condition of the papacy courted protection, and which it dared not offend, measures were taken, even before the encyclical letter of June 3, 1868, to bait up allies. But everywhere the nations were suspicious. They found the worst foes to liberal and enlightened measures were always clergymen. A bishop had shortly afterward to be imprisoned for sedition in Austria and in Poland. They have always been malcontents. In

France, the Archbishop of Paris, with the Gallican party, sided with the state against the Pope. In Austria, that staunch ally of Rome, the Reichsrath had abolished the Concordat, given freedom to the press and education, and instituted a civil-marriage law. Matters became very complicated between the two courts, and threatened total alienation. The energetic Von Beust seemed to give the *coup de grace*, by declaring that the clergy were amenable to the tribunals, and that liberty of conscience would be granted to non-Catholics. The Greek Church, which had been insulted by the inscription of the pontiff's letter and the rehearsal of the arrogant claims for primacy, against which they have always protested, refused assent to the Council. Nevertheless, by holding out the cardinalate as a lure to the recusant and undecided, and by declaring that vacant sees should be represented by their vicars-general, added to judicious allocation of the doubtful and intimidation of the timid, the Ultramontane party has obtained a majority. The figures stand thus: The number of persons having admission to the Council, according to Monsignor Jacobini, is twelve hundred and ninety-one. The Italian element is one-sixth, including cardinals, Italian bishops in *partibus*, attendants at court, generals of religious orders, and the Irish, English, and American bishops. All these profess to have no personal will. For them, the pope is the Church. But, although this majority is certain, to make assurance doubly sure they have to take a stringent oath to the Papal see. And, third and last curb, they must discuss nothing which has not been previously approved by the *Curia*, all composed of the most bigoted section of ultramontanism. It is boasted, in very arrogant phrase, that this assemblage exhibits very strikingly the unity of the Roman Church. We may best judge of the fitness of this observation by glancing briefly at its constituent parts.

The man who, since the accession of Pius IX. and the withdrawal of Cardinal Lambruschini, has sustained the papacy, Atlas-like, on his own shoulders, is Giacomo Antonelli. He is personally *uninterested* in theology. "You are a politician," said the pope recently to him, "and know nothing about theological matters." But Antonelli's keen foresight apprehends at a glance the political combinations that may spring out of the Council. Now, only like a cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, they may become such portentous omens as to warrant the belief expressed by the late Cardinal d'Andrea, that "a day may come when the nations will wipe out the papacy, as the only means of stopping its machinations." "Cut the Gordian knot, if you cannot untie it," said the sagacious Cavour. It would seem as if a *love* of politics reconciled the cardinal-minister to his ungracious position. Surrounded by plotters, compelled to find funds for an ever-rapacious court to which no necessity will teach prudence; a friendless man among thousands of smiling courtly flatterers; with the organizing talent of Richelieu, the sagacious penetration of Mazarin, the financial capacity of Necker and Gladstone—a man who fully answers Tennyson's description of the self-made statesman:

"Who makes by force his merits known,
And lives to clutch the golden keys,
To mould a mighty state's decrees,
And shape the whispers of a throne"—

a daring genius, dazzled by the past history of the papacy, in the days of Hildebrand and Innocent; despising no enemy, however seemingly insignificant, able to win the most obdurate, intimidated by no difficulty, turned from his purpose by no danger; to steer the bark of Peter through the shoals and quicksands round it, is his aim, and he stands alone. Watching him with cat-like vigilance is Xavier de Meode, archbishop and secret almoner of his Holiness. A soldier by education and instincts; with all a Frenchman's vivacity and trickiness; able and willing to do dirty work, and yet talk loudly of honor; hating the man that cashiered him, and almost willing to see disaster overtake the Vatican, rather than that it should be averted by Antonelli—his task is to widen the breach between the Pope and his minister, whom he fears. Only necessity compels a politic politeness, occasionally giving way to bursts of petulance. Louis XI. kept his physician Coitier, because he loved life, and thought he kept him in health. Pius IX. keeps his minister because he loves power, and the courts of Europe recognize and respect the ability of Antonelli, and because he is always wanting money, and the cardinal in some way gets it.

At the head of the Diocese of Rome, with its crowds of ecclesiastics, is Cardinal Patrizi, the pope's vicar-general. The vicar-general of a bishop is his *alter ego*. The cardinal attends to his work, and eschews

politics. He is a man of small capacity, narrow education—which has not been enlarged by time and experience—a bigot from conscientious conviction, and a blind believer in infallibility. Cardinal Cullen is of a more extensive education, and is more fully awake to the stirring character of the times. But alike they share the same views on education, and anathematize all that is condemned in Articles XLV. and XLVII. of the *Syllabus*. Archbishop Manning is cold, calculating, learned, a master of language, a thorough scholar, esteeming no means unlawful that raise the papacy, fighting anyhow and anywhere against the Church that reared and educated him—unscrupulous, in every way dangerous. These are types of the Ultramontanes.

They are formidable weapons when combined, for they represent invincible obstinacy, calling itself *firmness*—unreasonableness, called *faith*—unscrupulousness, called *zeal*—temerity, bordering on impiety, called *obedience*.

On the other hand, the minority represents all the progress and liberalism of modern times. Among them we may name Darboy, Archbishop of Paris, the enlightened fosterer of charities that reach out loving and helping hands to all the needs of humanity, an advocate of a free press and a free pulpit—a supporter of the rights of the state, when these represent justice, equity, and wise administration of law; a foe to bigotry, a friend to true Catholicity, Dupanloup, the eloquent Bishop of Orleans—the great promoter of an enlarged system of education—who has freed the schools of France from the incubus of superstitious fear of science, a free-spoken man, holy, just, and undaunted; Maret, Bishop of Sura, demanding an enlarged basis for Catholic education, and the recognition of true workers for God and truth; Swartzenberg, the descendant of a princely line, zealous for education freed from Church control, unmoved by frown or threat in the steady prosecution of a thorough liberal policy.

This is a small array of names. But they represent great facts. One man, like Wilberforce in the British Parliament, advocating a righteous cause, has been able to withstand the opposition of the whole Senate. For the people were with him. The sense of right and justice that is Heaven-planted in the human soul was with him. And one such man as Felix Dupanloup can sway a host of blind zealots.

Here are the constituent elements of the Council. They are as widely severed as the poles. Each party is antipodean to the other. The one that has least votes is, however, the representative of the suffrages of the world. It has recently transpired that their language is as varied as their views. French is probably the best understood tongue, but Latin is insisted on. Now, a Frenchman, an Englishman, a Pole, and an Italian, pronounce the tongue of Cicero in a widely-differing manner. You can follow them in the Mass, for you know what they have to say. It is different when they have to debate. Moreover, few save college lecturers are fluent speakers of Latin. If they get over this difficulty, and are able to debate, the veto upon free discussion is so absolute that the session will probably be no more than a series of propositions from the throne, assented to by the assembly. Long ago the official Roman organ, the *Civiltà Cattolica*, declared that the fathers were not convened for discussion.

Jobbery would seem too small an affair for a holy Ecumenical Council, but "truth is truth to the end of the chapter." Before the council-hall was completed, every bishop in Rome and about it had been sounded, and numerous privileges were conferred by the congregation of rites upon different dioceses. Certain prelates in distant countries acted as *whippers-in*, and sounded the Episcopate. The imagination of ambitious men was kept on the rack by announcements that a creation of cardinals was imminent. The hope of receiving the red hat kept all mouths shut, except such men as we have named. A meeting was held of the *Curia* and chiefs of congregations to concert measures for securing votes. Never was the astute Monsignor Jacobini, secretary of the Propaganda, so active. A friend wrote us two months ago: "It seems that Jacobini is ubiquitous. He is encountered everywhere, mostly with Padre (a famous Jesuit). When very fatigued by drumming up, they are currently reported to recite the *Syllabus* for recreation."

A few words are necessary in this analytical view of the Council, *à propos* of the attitude it assumes toward the institutions of different countries. The statements of the *Syllabus*, which will certainly be dogmatized, will be the basis of inference. In the Grand-duchy of Baden, "The Society of Catholics to resist the Aggressions of Rome"

has been formed. It has the support of Döllinger and Montalembert. In Hungary, almost all the Episcopate, treading in the steps of the late Cardinal Scitowski their primate, will side with the Liberals. The same is evident in Portugal. On some questions the German bishops will agree with Rome, but on all political and social questions they will vigorously oppose it. The French Episcopate is half Liberal, half Gallican. So much for the representatives of the nations of free thought. Now let us see what is said in the Papal *Syllabus*.

The foremost question of the day is *education*; shall it be denominational, or under state control, and confined to secular subjects? Article XLV. declares that it is an error to hold that schools ought to be given up to the civil powers, and should be under its exclusive management. Article XLVII. is more definite. It is error to hold that "the best constitution of civil society requires that popular schools which are open to the children of every class, and public institutions in general, which are devoted to teaching literature and science, and providing for the education of youth, should be withdrawn from all authority of the Church, and from all her directing influence and interference, and subjected to the complete control of the civil and political authority, so as to accord with the ideas of the rulers of the state, and the standard of opinions commonly adopted by the age." Now, the "Church" denies the Copernican system, and the deductions of Galileo; would it be right to teach these? This article is opposed to the system of education followed throughout Italy, to a great extent in Germany, Switzerland, Holland, France, Belgium, Great Britain, and the United States. Article XLVIII. anathematizes all Catholics who look at education as chiefly necessary "to the knowledge of natural things, and the ends of worldly social life." Article XII. declares it error to believe that "the decrees of the apostolic See and Roman congregations interfere with the true progress of science." Nothing could be easier proven from documents issued by both.

Again, it is conceded by every enlightened mind, that *religious toleration*, the placing of all phases of religious belief upon an equality—the separation of Church and state, and freedom of conscience—are marks of progress, and ought to be found on the statute-book of every free people. Article LXXVII. repudiates the views of those who think "it is no longer expedient in this our age that the Catholic religion should be considered as the only religion of the state, to the exclusion of all other forms of worship."

This is opposed in Great Britain, the United States, Spain, Italy, Germany, Switzerland, Sweden—to a modified extent in France—in Belgium, Holland, and Prussia. Articles LXXIX. and XVIII. condemn freedom of speech and opinion, a privilege for which, more than any other, the nations are striving.

There is scarcely a country in Europe, and in this great continent, that does not hold the state to be independent in its functions of all interference from the Church. And the struggle in Great Britain is for a complete separation of the two. These principles are formally condemned in Articles LV., LIV., and XX. The latter is a hit at Gallicanism, as sustained in the letter of the Archbishop of Paris, last October. So is Article XXVIII., and Article XXXVII., condemning national churches, and XLI., the right of appeal to the civil power against ecclesiastical abuses. Article LXVII. censures the interference of the state in divorce and matrimonial causes. The decision of the courts of law in Southern Italy, to the effect that a priest may marry like any other citizen, is condemned in this note: "Under this head may be classed two errors; on abolishing the celibacy of the clergy, and preferring the state of marriage to that of virginity." Nevertheless, all Italy clamors for the reform of clerical morals, and points out *marriage* as the only feasible plan. Italy and Spain, and any other nation that has, by the common will of its people, thrown off an oppressor's yoke for freedom and self-government, from the days of Washington to the dethronement of the house of Bourbon throughout Europe—are censured under Article LXIII. "The principle of non-intervention," from which so much good has at various periods arisen, is condemned in Article LXII. Austria and the Beust ministry are censured in Article XLIII., as also France, indirectly. The first has abrogated the Concordat; the second constantly violates it. The abolition of monasteries, adopted at various times in England, France, and Italy, and, as in the case of the Jesuits, with the papal assent, is censured in Article LXII. The resignation of the temporal power, and the adoption of the Cavour proposal of a free church in a free state, are condemned in Articles XXIV., XXV., and LXXVI.; while the declarations of "Janus," Maret, and the Greeks,

against the personal infallibility, are silenced in Articles XXIII. and XXVIII.

Thus it will be seen that the attitude of the Council is hostile to the principles of every free country. Can we doubt, if all these doctrines become binding on the conscience, that the *logic of facts*, so sternly convincing, will nullify them? Society is ever crying, "Let the dead past bury its dead." The Council retrogrades three centuries at least, and seeks to revive the most oppressive enactments of the Church, which inspired the sanguinary spirit of Torquemada, and hunted the Albigenses to death. If the Syllabus is carried, we agree with the sentiment expressed by Père Hyacinthe to the writer: "Better that there be no discussion, for then the conscience is free to resist."

OBITUARY.

JOSEPH WESLEY HARPER, the third brother of the publishing firm of Harper & Brothers, died in Brooklyn, on Monday, the fourteenth of February, at the age of sixty-nine. It will be remembered that, a little less than a year ago, Mr. James Harper, the eldest of the brothers, died from injuries received by being thrown from his carriage. At that time, Mr. Wesley Harper was lying very ill at his residence, and it was feared that the shock of this intelligence would prove fatal to him. Instead of this, the painful news seemed to electrify him with fresh strength; and, although during the subsequent period he has given little attention to business, and has suffered severely from a chronic asthma, the apprehensions entertained a year ago of his immediate dissolution have only just been verified. The Messrs. Harper have been united in business for fifty years. The two elder brothers, James and John, commenced in 1816, under the designation of J. & J. Harper, but shortly after the two younger brothers, Wesley and Fletcher, entered with them as apprentices; and, although the four brothers have been connected as partners only since 1826, now forty-four years ago, they really have been together for nearly half a century. It is doubtful whether a parallel to this case can be found in our business community. During this long period the brothers have been singularly united; their accord and harmony, indeed, have been to those who know them a very beautiful fact in their prosperous career. It is unnecessary for us to speak in praise of these gentlemen. It was our duty to pen, for an early number of the JOURNAL, a few brief lines in honorable mention of Mr. James Harper; and we can only add to the terms of admiration we then uttered for all the members of this firm our expressions of respect and appreciation for the brother now deceased. Mr. Wesley Harper was not of so robust a constitution as the other brothers, but had enjoyed good health until within a few years. His tastes were eminently literary, and his judgment of books was always implicitly trusted by his associates. He was noted for striking amiability of character, for a beautiful Christian spirit, and for an honorableness that was above question.

TABLE-TALK.

HOW often it is that we find Truth in russet and Error in purple! Truth one may frequently, nay usually, discover in the by-ways of life, amid humdrum, stolid, slow people, while Error is making captive brilliant men and women, and alluring into its defence youth and genius. Do not deny this until you have well thought of it, and then you will not deny it. It is easily accounted for, when we recollect how prone the imagination is to mislead the judgment. The finest and highest mental gift we have—that which gives to character its noblest grace and its best quality—is often the enemy to our success; the false guide that leads us into wrong paths, the secret enemy that, by disarming cool judgment, brings upon us the consequences of many fatal delusions. A good many conspicuous examples of this will naturally occur to most readers, but we prefer to instance it by a certain fallacy in art known as pre-Raphaelitism. This brilliant error—for such we venture to call it—has captivated nearly every young and susceptible painter in England, and, while failing to secure a full acceptance of its eccentric theories in this country, has largely influenced a great many of our artists. To execute brilliant or astonishing novelties is now what every young painter of genius

aspires to do. Slow, unimaginative artists are content to be simple, natural, obvious. They possibly are often conventional, and sometimes are more governed by the rules of the schools than the facts of Nature; but their calm and balanced judgments never lead them off into strange paths or to the worship of new gods. Others, more eager and impassioned, are easily charmed by a new idea, whether consistent or not. Pre-Raphaelite painters have usually an excuse for their eccentricity in the very great fidelity with which they execute some of the details of their art. With colors on their canvases that ordinary observation never detects on the face of the earth nor in the heavens above; with perspectives that are scarcely less strange or absurd than those of Chinese painters; with a lack of unity or of a subordination of parts that often renders their paintings a confused puzzle—with these strange defects, that give to their pictures a conspicuous oddity, one usually finds in them a few details executed with admirable accuracy and truthfulness. We recollect a pre-Raphaelite picture in which a rose-leaf on the floor was painted with such exquisite finish as to make it the very focus of the picture. We recall another painting of this school, a large canvas, wherein two lovers were seated under a tree, while a little flower at their feet, that stood up against the polished boot of the man, was painted with such elaborate care, such outstanding particularity, as it were, that it became the first object the eye alighted upon. Obviously this was a violation of truth. In Nature, say the pre-Raphaelites, all things are equal. But to a man who stands looking upon Nature all things are not equal. There is, to his point of view, subordination; a relation of parts; a centre or focus around which all objects group themselves in subordinate gradation. But, strange to say, the fascinating beauty of some of these details in pre-Raphaelite pictures soon begins to assert its influence upon us. It is in the nature of criticism to become technical. What we first admire in any art is its wholeness; by-and-by we begin to detach parts, to investigate details, and to get enamoured of technical specialties. The rose-leaf after a time becomes to us, as it was to the artist, the focus of the picture. This is an error, of course; but our fancy is apt to be better pleased with it than with the sober truth of a picture in which there has been no design beyond that of presenting a harmonious unit. But it is only imaginative people who are thus captivated with the execution of pre-Raphaelite painters—sober judgment cannot be seduced by the glitter of a new idea or disarmed by daring sophistries. It will prefer the russet of plain Truth to the purple-and-gold of dazzling Error.

— Sometimes, in an after-dinner talk, we get upon serious subjects, and one of these is apt to be the much-discussed question of capital punishment. It is not necessary to be logical or accurate, perhaps, in our desultory gossip over the walnuts; but usually very little knowledge of the real issue involved in this question is exhibited either in our quiet chats or our more deliberate arguments. The severity of the penalty, the right to take life, the danger of executing innocent persons, the irrevocable nature of the punishment—all these arguments are commonly advanced, while the essential and sole determining issue remains untouched. Society has a right to protect itself against its enemies. It has no right to inflict penalties as punishment. Punishment is a word that never can be rightly used in this argument. Society has no right to deprive a man of his liberty, for the sake of reforming him. It can, in fact, take cognizance only of those crimes that endanger its security—and its measures must be taken solely with a view to remove this danger. If a man is dangerous to other men, he must be put out of the way. Whether this disposition of him shall be by imprisonment or by death, is to be determined by policy; that is, by that course which will contribute most essentially to the safety of the community. Whichever this may be, the community have a right to adopt it. It is idle to consider the matter in any other light. The moment a man has made himself an enemy to society, society, in self-defence, may destroy him, or in any way that it chooses render him powerless. The idea of punishment includes something reformatory, and we may, in a humane or Christian spirit, wish to reform. But this must be secondary. The first principle of law is to protect honest men from rogues. Will imprisonment do this? Then imprisonment is the thing. Will hanging do it? Then hanging is the thing. As a matter of opinion, we believe that prisons are better to this end than scaffolds. We know from history how hanging highwaymen only filled all the highways of England with robbers. When a dozen or two thieves and house-breakers were turned off at Tyburn, in London, every Friday, stealing and house-breaking were epidemics. Hanging, as

an example, seems to us to be very stimulating to the bad passions of men, and hence, instead of proving our protection, simply multiplies our enemies. If we do away with "capital punishment," let it be done out of consideration for our own welfare, not because of a sentimental sympathy for criminals. Not that criminals should experience aught else but humane treatment; it is our business simply to render them powerless, not to persecute or torture them.

— We find in the English papers reviews of several new volumes of poems, which have more than usual interest, for amateur verse. "The Songs of a Wayfarer," by William Davies, are spoken of favorably by the *Spectator*, which gives us one very pleasant specimen of the poet's style in the following requiem:

"Peacefully she lies at rest;
Like a blossom, some may say,
Blown from apple-trees in May;
Hushed the heaving of her breast.

"Fairer wonders could not be:
Pearly shapes so delicate,
They could hardly find a mate
In the marvels of the sea.

"Little minion-mouthed loves
Stand aghast at Death's eclipse—
Closing eyes and blanching lips—
Blunted arrows, drooping doves.

"See her hand, so small a one,
Made to fit a finer clasp
Than we mortals ever grasp,
In the land where she is gone.

"Let the lily blossom by her,
And the bended roses bloom
Lean and wan; shut up the tomb,
Winter rains must not come nigh her.

"Stay a while your tears and sighs:
Then above her sable hearse
Character this single verse:
'Love is dead, and here he lies.'"

"Come to the Woods, and other Poems," by the Rev. G. I. Cornish, a Devonshire clergyman, one of whose poems, "To the Little Red-Breast," Kehlé quotes in his "Christian Year;" "Forest Poems," by the Vicar of Barnshaw; "Petronella, and other Poems," by Mr. F. G. Lee; "Poems and Translations," by Richard Herne Sheppard; "Poems," by Charles Edward Stuart—these are the principal recent contributions to Parnassus. A volume of poems by "Country Parson," called "Concerning Earthly Love," will be welcomed by those who admire the essays of that agreeable writer. We find the following specimen of the Country Parson's poetical style, which shows, says the *Spectator*, that he has studied good models, not without success:

"God's plans in spacious circuits move
That touch the earth and then fulfil
Their higher way, advancing still
Through growing ages on toward Love.

"But the full ripeness of the race
Is slow to come, and God is strong
In patience, watching, waiting long,
And working calmly in His place.

"The marble statue, rudely wrought,
Must yet be labored many a day
Before its finished grace display
The beauty of the Sculptor's thought.

"And slowly does God's likeness break
In features on the soul of man;
But God, who once the work began,
Will yet its true completeness make."

— Mr. Fechter's Hamlet still keeps open the question as to the genius of this performer. It violates too many prejudices to find immediate acceptance, even if it were better than it is; and its best friends, we think, must concede its effect as unequal. Not, probably, that the actor has an unsteady grasp of the character; it is unequal in effect because the conception, in some particulars, satisfies our ideal of Hamlet, and in others it does not. The blond wig renders Mr. Fechter's appearance even more German than it is in other plays; hence he presents a picture to the eye utterly foreign to our notion of the Danish prince. Yet this ideal may be more true to the characteristics of the man than our national prejudices will admit. Was not Hamlet "fat and scant o' breath?" Do we not find that peculiar melancholy and contemplative spirit, that introspective soul that ever

sits on brood, more frequently among the stolid and phlegmatic Germans than elsewhere? Mr. Fechter gives us this melancholy introspection with singular success; but he also accompanies it with an impetuosity that we are unused to in our Hamlets. Many of his scenes are acted with a picturesque effect that is very telling. He is swift and feverish, where other Hamlets are slow, pondering, and reflective. His soliloquies are very impassioned, apparently spontaneous and unstudied, and he usually gives, by inflection and emphasis, full expression to the meaning of the lines. The interview with the ghost, in the first act, we think inferior to Mr. Booth's; the second act is better than Mr. Booth's, especially the soliloquy at the close; in the third act Mr. Fechter has a hundred felicitous touches, but all marked by that general tone of swiftness and impassioned energy that is often electrical, but not always consistent with one's idea of Hamlet. But Mr. Fechter has taken a national view of this great character. He has approached it with a temperament, associations, conceptions—with an insight, so to say, different from our insight—and hence, while we often admire his performance, we are as frequently puzzled by it. But it is eminently gratifying to have a new light thrown upon the character of Hamlet; and, whether we like Mr. Fechter as well as the traditional Hamlets or not, we still must find abundant intellectual entertainment in studying a performance that is new, stimulating, and often very suggestive.

— Professor Tyndall has been startling the Londoners a little in a lecture on "Haze and Dust," in which he declares that with every breath they are inhaling a quantity of organic matter in which exist the germs of many diseases. Previous to certain experiments made by him in 1868, he had thought, in common with the rest of the world, that the dust of the air was, in great part, inorganic and non-combustible; but in his researches on the decomposition of vapors by light it was necessary to remove the floating dust from the air, and, in his experiments to this end, he carried a current of air through the flame of a spirit-lamp, when the floating matter no longer appeared, having been consumed in the flame. This proved it to be organic matter—with which the air that we breathe, whether in town or country, is loaded. "We are churning it," he says, "in our lungs, every hour and minute of our lives. There is no respite from this contact with dirt." And this organic matter contains a certain proportion of poisonous atoms, by which disease is generated or propagated. Professor Tyndall accepts as true the germ-theory of disease—"that epidemic diseases are due to germs which float in the atmosphere, enter the body, and produce disturbance by the development within the body of parasitic life." This theory, his discovery of the organic character of the dust in the air goes far to prove. But how are we to get rid of these impurities? Intense heat will destroy them, and hence the value of hot fires during epidemics to purify the air. Or, when breathing the air of an infected district, it may be inhaled through a little cotton-wool, and, thus filtered, it becomes entirely pure. Of course, the only remedy of general effect must be a rigid regard to cleanliness. We load our lungs with a great deal of dirt from dusty carpets in our houses, and we fill them with dangerous organic atoms from our streets. Invalids specially suffer from this condition of the air; but for them woollen respirators will prove thoroughly efficacious. By means of this simple agent, "so far as the germs are concerned, the air of the highest Alps may be brought into the chamber of the invalid."

— Our city railroad companies impose upon us in many ways that afford stock material for the indignation of querulous people, and for fierce itemizing in the daily papers. That they give us inadequate accommodations; that they pack us in their vehicles like so many herrings; that they oppress us with insolent and tyrannical conductors; that they keep the cars foul and unseemly; that—well, the list is a very long one, but we all know it by heart. But there is one grievance not commonly referred to. In addition to their general disregard for our comfort, it seems strange that they must vex us with rules set forth in bad grammar. It is absolutely exasperating to be told in a staring announcement, every time we enter a car, that we are "forbidden to get on or off the car when in motion." How we are to "get on or off a car" without motion, the car-managers do not tell us. Of course, they don't mean this, but wish to say that we must not "get on or off a car when it is in motion;" but it looks ill for the learning of presidents, superintendents, and directors, that, wanting to say so simple a thing as this, they should make such bad work of it.

— One often hears a good deal about normal conditions. Normal and abnormal are common phrases used to describe what are supposed to be the regular and the irregular relations of things, and yet it is not easy to say what is truly normal, and what has drifted away or become diverged from its natural course. Are cooking-stoves normal? Are French bedsteads, tooth-brushes, chignons, crinolines, and trousers, normal conditions? As all civilization is artificial, perhaps the whole law of society is abnormal. Water, say some philosophers, is the beverage of Nature. Wine, we judge, will be found to be quite as much a product of Nature as water; but water is already prepared to our hand, and so it is urged upon us, by certain advocates, as the prescribed liquid for our use. But if we followed Nature solely in our eating and drinking, we should grub up roots with our fingers; we should devour our meat raw. And if we carried out the rule in other things, we should house ourselves in caves, and never have any tailors' bills to pay. It will be found, we think, that after all there is but one normal law—progress. It is a principle of our being to develop out of the rude conditions of mere Nature, and hence it is absurd to bring up, for our guidance, the operations of that rude condition.

— *A propos* of M. Ollivier, the French prime minister whose portrait and biography we gave in the last number of the JOURNAL, we may mention that he has a young and charming wife, who looks as if she were only sixteen, though she is really twenty. She was dining lately at the Tuileries for the first time, and naively related to the emperor the story of her marriage. For several years she had been in the habit of going every summer to a watering-place in the Vosges, to which M. Ollivier also came regularly. The first year the statesman treated her like a child. The second year he seemed to perceive that she had grown to be a young lady; and the third year, she had grown big enough to fill his heart, and their marriage was the result. "I did not dream then," she added, "that one day the emperor himself would listen to the story of my wooing."

— The marvellous play of "The Twelve Temptations," at the Grand Opera-House, is full of every thing to amaze and amuse us—scenic splendors, men, women, ghosts, devils, angels; every thing, in fact, but one thing—common-sense.

Literary Notes.

M. HERMANN DE SCHLAGINTWEIT has at last decided upon publishing the itinerary of the remarkable travels and scientific researches accomplished by himself and his brothers Adolphus and Robert, throughout India and Central Asia. The first volume, relating to India and Ceylon, has just appeared at Leipzig; the second, devoted to the upper regions of the Himalayas, and the countries of Central Asia, will be published in the course of a few months. No book extant gives such a complete and faithful picture of India, every thing that strikes the traveller's attention being carefully examined and explained. Numerous appreciations concerning the manners and morals of the inhabitants, their civilization and history, are accompanied by a graphic description of the soil, and the varied aspects of physical Nature, expressed in language full of precision and clearness, and abundantly illustrated with maps and engravings. Having been selected by the East India Company fifteen years ago (at the recommendation of Baron Humboldt), to continue the magnetic survey of India, suspended suddenly by the death of M. William Elliot, they proceeded at once to their field of operations, where they arranged the subjects of research and investigation, and separated in quest of them, each pursuing a different direction. They thus thoroughly explored and surveyed the entire range of the Himalayan Mountains, Sikkim, the eastern frontier of Nepal, Bootan, Assam, Oude, the delta of the Ganges, and the Brahmapootra. In Sikkim they measured the altitude of Mount Gaurisankar, which rises twenty-eight thousand eight hundred and seventy feet above the level of the ocean. Having entered into Tibet by one of the western passes of the Himalayas, they visited the sources of the Indus, and the sacred lakes of Rakous and Mansarour, and penetrated into Toorkistan by Cashmere and the valleys of Ladak. They determined by exact measurement the position, elevation, and general direction of the mountain-ranges of Karakorum and Kouen-Louen, the existence of which was previously made known by a few imperfect Chinese documents. On descending those ranges, they reached the great valley of Yarkand, a region which no European, not even Marco Polo, had ever before visited. Adolphus was killed by some barbarians in the wilds of Khokan, while on his second journey through Central Asia, at the time when his two brothers were in Europe on leave of absence. Thus geography, geology,

meteorology, ethnography, and all the branches of natural sciences have been enriched with important acquisitions due to the enterprise and devotion of the brothers Schlagintweit. Among the numerous collections of objects interesting to those studies, which they preserved, we may mention the following: 2,000 specimens of rocks, minerals, and fossils; 1,400 specimens of vegetable earth, collected in India and Central Asia; 275 casts of faces, representing all the types of races in India and Central Asia; also 700 photographs, illustrating the ethnography of that region.

A volume replete with interest, the author of which is the estimable Dr. Goulburn, the Dean of Norwich, has just been added to the series already published by the Messrs. Appleton. Dr. Goulburn's excellent work, entitled "Thoughts upon Personal Religion," found a wide and warm reception from thousands, on either side of the Atlantic, who value a cultured thoughtfulness in alliance with rich spiritual views of divine truth. Besides, Dr. Goulburn's writings are so clearly the fruit, not merely of diligent study, but of a varied experience of life, that we cannot wonder at the warm and very general commendation bestowed upon them by large circles of readers outside the communion of the Episcopal Church. We presume the Dean of Norwich to rank, in ecclesiastical status, with the conservative element in that body; we are sure that the question is one which will never disturb any ingenious and reflecting mind, really earnest in the investigation of practical religious truth. The last work of Dr. Goulburn is entitled "The Pursuit of Holiness." The volume is a sequel to the "Thoughts upon Personal Religion." The frequent reading of the latter had prepared us for a further treatment of the subject: we were not prepared, however, for so much—fresh, suggestive, and wholly useful to the religious life—as is presented in this little work. The author, it is true, in his preface, anticipates the notice on the part of his readers, of occasional repetitions in particulars; none, we imagine, will mark them, infrequently as they occur, as any thing but desirable and prized links of connection. In this, too, Dr. Goulburn discovers to us more of the power of what, for lack of a better phrase, we may term the thought-art; what sometimes seems identity of thought is only the recognized hand of a favorite master, to which, as in a painting, we are gratefully attracted. We are sure that any thing in the present volume that shall renew valued associations with former ones from the same welcome pen, will only add to its value as a manual of well-digested thought upon Christian truth in its relations to daily life.

We have little if any liking for what has sometimes been termed *war literature*; but if a touching and tasteful issue, from the press of Little, Brown & Co., we believe, comes within the classification, we certainly, in its instance, make exception. The volume reached us at the hands of a friend, and is simply a requiem, written by a distinguished literary gentleman of Boston, and exquisitely illustrated—we rather say illuminated—by the pencil of an accomplished daughter. The occasion of its original publication, we think, was the death of the young and gallant colonel of the Second Massachusetts Regiment, at the battle of Gettysburg. In memoriam, and as a keepsake of this brave officer, dear to a large circle of friends in our own city equally with Boston, it has already found a place, in another form, in many a bereaved household. As a specimen of the truest elegiac verse, and worthy to rank among its choicest examples in our literature, it only testifies to the known reputation of its author as of the number of those who, in their acknowledged sphere, have appeared in later years less frequently than their friends could wish. We add no mere compliment when we say, of the emblematic illustrations, that nothing could be in happier keeping with the impressive measures of the requiem, and, in its way, anything adds more to its beauty than this graceful setting of a poetic gem at the hand of the daughter of the writer. The gradation and delicacy of colors, appropriate to each verse of the requiem, suggest not a little of the same "vein poetic," on the part of the artist, which marks the author.

"Red as a Rose is She," a new novel by the author of "Cometh up as a Flower," is a very vivid and charming love-story, in which the characters are drawn with unusual vigor, and the incidents have probability and freshness. "Cometh up as a Flower," and "Not Wisely, but Two Well," the preceding novels by the same author, attracted no little attention on account of their spirited character-sketching; they exhibited, indeed, in this particular, a really striking power. "Red as a Rose" has the same quality. A better-drawn heroine, or one more truly full of a delicious human nature, no recent fiction has supplied. The first two novels of the author pained their readers by their tragic endings; "Red as a Rose" will be more acceptable to many persons that, in this, it does not follow the example of its predecessors. These novels are usually attributed to a woman. We should, from internal evidence, rather question this; if a woman's hand drew the character of Esther in "Red as a Rose," it shows not merely rare analysis of its own sex, but, what is more strange, an unwonted appreciation of what men are apt to admire in women.

The Naturalists' Book Agency of Salem has issued a "Guide to the Study of Insects, and a Treatise on those injurious and beneficial to Crops; for the use of Colleges, Farm-schools, and Agriculturists. By A. S. Packard, Jr., M. D. With eleven Plates and six hundred and fifty Woodcuts." The title-page, which we thus quote, gives a just idea of the scope and value of this important book. It is modestly classed by the author as an "introduction to the study of insects," but its scope and research would seem to give it a leading place among text-books in entomology. It has been written with a view to render it useful to farmers and gardeners, as well as to students.

Messrs. Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia, are publishing in numbers a "Universal Pronouncing Dictionary of Biography and Mythology." By J. Thomas, A. M., M. D. The second number of the work (which will be completed in forty-five parts) is now before us, reaching to the one hundred and sixtieth page. The design of this work is very comprehensive, including "memoirs of the eminent persons of all ages and countries, and accounts of the various subjects of the Norse, Hindoo, and classic mythologies, with the pronunciation of their names in the different languages in which they are used." It is in the hands of competent editors, and is exceedingly handsome in appearance.

The memoir of the Life of Rufus Choate, which first appeared in connection with his works, has just been published in separate form. Acknowledging the favor with which the work, as originally published, was received, the author says: "I cannot but feel, more than ever, how inadequate is any delineation to present a complete picture of that subtle, versatile, and exuberant mind; to display with psychological exactness (if I may use his own words) 'the traits of his nature'; to unveil the secrets—the marvellous secrets—and sources of that vast power which we shall see no more in action, nor ought in any degree resembling it among men."

Scientific Notes.

DR. BUISSON of Paris, during his professional experience, has saved the lives of eighty individuals bitten by mad animals, by the following simple treatment, which he declares to be infallible: A person bitten by a mad dog should take a vapor-bath for seven consecutive days, heated from fifty-seven to sixty-three degrees Centigrade, equal to one hundred and thirty-one to one hundred and forty-one degrees Fahrenheit. This is recommended as a preservative. Whenever symptoms of madness appear, only one vapor-bath must be taken, rapidly heated to fifty-seven Centigrade degrees, equal to one hundred and thirty-one degrees Fahrenheit, and then slowly to sixty-three degrees, equal to one hundred and forty-one degrees Fahrenheit. The patient should then be kept closely confined to his room until he is completely cured. Dr. Buisson, having once been sent for to visit a man in the last stage of this frightful disease, when there was not the slightest hope of saving him, bled him as a last resource, and in doing so was unfortunate enough to cut his own finger, which when bleeding came in contact with the saliva of the poor sufferer. On the ninth day afterward he was suddenly affected by extremely violent symptoms of hydrophobia, and hastened home. The fits came on him regularly every five minutes, accompanied by the usual excruciating sufferings, the horror of air and water, the desire to bite at any thing, which he repressed, etc. He immediately took a vapor-bath, and, whenever the heat reached fifty-two Centigrade degrees, equal to one hundred and twenty-six degrees Fahrenheit, all the symptoms of the disease ceased, as if by enchantment.

The best-informed statisticians estimate the total population of the globe to present to be about 1,288,000,000 souls. Of this number there belong to the

Caucasian race.....	360,000,000
Mongolian ".....	552,000,000
Ethiopian ".....	190,000,000
Malay ".....	176,000,000
Indo-American race.....	10,000,000
Total.....	1,288,000,000

The number of spoken languages is 3,642, and the different forms of religion are no less than 1,000 in number. The annual mortality of our globe is 33,333,333 persons; which makes 91,554 deaths per day; 3,780 per hour; 62 per minute; 1 per second; so that every beat of the heart corresponds with the death of a human creature. The average term of life is 33 years. A fourth part of the population dies at the age of 7 or under; the half at 17 or under. Of 100,000 persons, only one attains the age of 100 years; one in 500 reaches the age of 90; and one in 100 the age of 60. Soldiers form the eighth part of the entire male population; of 1,000 individuals who attain the age of 70, 43 are priests or pastors, orators or public speakers; 30 are farmers or farm-laborers; 33, tradesmen, 32, soldiers or military workmen; 29, advocates or engi-

neers; 24, doctors, physicians, and surgeons. Those who devote themselves to the preservation of the lives of their fellows as a general rule die youngest.

In the months of October and November, 1869, the planet Jupiter underwent a series of changes of singular beauty, in consequence of which it presented the following aspects: The bands, more numerous than usual, displayed a greater variety of colors than ever; the equatorial belt, which for years was the most brilliant part of the planet, is now surpassed in brilliancy by the north and south belts. Formerly it was free from spots, but now it is frequently covered with them, the marks bearing every resemblance to accumulations of clouds. In general, it was colorless, the light usually emitted having been silver or pearl-gray; now, however, it is of a golden-yellow. At present, the poles are blue, the nearest bands to them presenting a dark shade of the same color. The brilliant neighboring bands are of dazzling whiteness, being more brilliant than any other part of the star. The dark bands following are of a reddish hue, being separated by the equatorial belt which, as already stated, is now of a golden-yellow color. Such changes, coinciding with the presence in the atmosphere of Jupiter of vapors unknown to us, incline us to think that the largest planet of our system has not yet lost the power of emitting light and heat.

Pursuing his celebrated studies of astronomical spectroscopy, Father Secchi, of the Roman Observatory, is at present studying the spectrum furnished by the atmospheres of Uranus and Neptune. The spectrum of this last star consists principally of three bands situated in the proximity of the green, and is totally deprived of red. This character, besides, is in perfect keeping with the aspect of Uranus, which, as is well known, is of a sea-green color.

A coal-mine of great extent and depth has been discovered at Laghouat, in Algeria, in the neighborhood of the iron, manganese, and zinc mines, anciently worked by the Romans. The coal is said to be of excellent quality.

Two coal-beds of considerable extent have been surveyed by M. Hochstetter, in the carboniferous limestone of Kezonlik, in Thrace, at the southern base of the Balkans.

Miscellany.

The Population of Cuba.

IN 1827, Havana contained 112,023 inhabitants, including the garrison of 18,000 men. The whites then numbered 56,621; free negroes, 15,347; free mulattoes, 16,215; negro slaves, 22,890; mulatto slaves, 1,010. The city contained 3,671 stone houses, and the suburbs 7,968 houses constructed with divers materials. In 1840, Havana had 240,000 inhabitants, and in the July census of 1868 its population had increased to 495,900 souls.

Puerto Principe, the second capital of the island, possessed 49,012 inhabitants in 1827, and only increased to 51,012 in 1869.

The other chief towns are Matanzas, Santiago, Trinidad, Nuevitas, Baracona, San Salvador, etc. The climate of Santiago is very unhealthy, yellow fever being a prevalent form of disease.

The following curious abstract of the population of the island of Cuba for the last three centuries was recently published by the Spanish authorities:

A. D.	Whites.	Free negroes.	Slaves.	Mulattoes.	Divers.	Total.
1580.....	15,000
1602.....	20,000
1680.....	46,000
1775.....	94,419	30,615	44,386	..	950	170,370
1791.....	272,140
1817.....	199,145	680,950
1827.....	311,051	106,494	286,942	704,487
1838.....	400,000	110,000	360,000	870,000
1841.....	418,291	152,898	436,495	1,007,684
1860.....	605,560	205,570	436,100	1,247,230
1864.....	890,502	208,700	500,040	1,689,242
1866.....	970,201	227,950	625,921	1,824,072
1869.....	990,711	240,505	780,740	170,300	..	2,182,256

In the fifty-two years between 1775 and 1827, the increase of the population of Cuba was 473 per 100, while that of the United States in the same period was only 400 per 100. Between the years 1790 and 1856, the population increased at the rate of 590 per 100, the corresponding increase of the United States being 892 per 100; so that, after the increase of population of the United States, that of Cuba is the largest in the world.

Besides natural causes, several particular circumstances have con-

Varieties.

THE problem of directing the course of balloons has apparently been solved by a Frenchman. His invention consists of a powerful exhauster, by which a partial vacuum is formed before the balloon, which is constantly driven forward. The Emperor of the French takes much interest in the idea, and has contributed funds toward carrying it out on a large scale.

The original model of a telegraphic battery, filed by Professor Morse when he got his patent, has been unearthed from a lot of old rubbish in the cellar of the Patent-Office, where it has been lying for years. The signal-key, as compared with the one of the present day, is an oddity. It is nearly two feet long, and has a large lump of lead at the end farthest from the hand, to throw the key up and break the circuit.

The *Paris Figaro* publishes the following item: "In one of the cemeteries of New-York City may be seen a tombstone with the inscription, 'Here lies V. H. S., who killed himself with a Colt's revolver of the ancient pattern, the best instrument for this purpose.' It is said that the firm engaged in the manufacture of these weapons pays a large sum annually to the widow for this epitaph."

Customer (to clerk in a hardware-store)—"Show me a small, low-priced shears."

Clerk (facetiously)—"Perhaps you mean a pair of shears."

Customer (severely)—"I mean precisely what I said."

Clerk (defiantly, opening a specimen article)—"Are there not two blades here? and doesn't two make a pair?"

Customer (triumphantly)—"You have two legs; does that make you a pair of man?"

The shears were done up in profound silence.

Some curious wit has discovered these little habits of the different nationalities of bishops at the Ecumenical Council: The English are always taking out something to eat; the American bishops are retiring to smoke; the French bishops are passing out and talking; the Spanish bishops are in little groups, talking their own politics; the Germans are silent and doing nothing.

It has been ascertained that the Cardiff giant was made by a German in Chicago, who was paid seventy-five dollars for the job. A gallon of strong acid and some English ink were used to give it an antique look. It was then transported eastward, and found, as the public already know, on a New-York farm. The humbug was a pecuniary failure. At Boston the head was bored with an auger and found to be solid gypsum.

Anna Gareschna, a young girl at Kiev, in Russia, rescued recently seven children from a burning house which none of the firemen dared to enter. The emperor, upon hearing of her heroism, sent her a thousand silver rubles, and the empress presented her with a valuable necklace.

The average depth of the Atlantic Ocean is set down at thirteen thousand four hundred feet, and that of the Pacific at eighteen thousand. On the western side of St. Helena, soundings have been made, it is said, to the depth of twenty-seven thousand feet—five miles and a quarter—without touching bottom.

How could the intimate interdependence of husband and wife be signified with more exquisite delicacy and truth than in the word which names the bond of their union? Each is the chief servant of the other, fulfilling offices that anybody else would consider degrading, and hence theirs is called the high-menial relation.

Mr. Brown, of the celebrated banking-house of Brown Brothers, was at one time blessed by his wife with twin boys. He said this somewhat perplexed his domestic relations. As he was doing business in the name of Brown Brothers, he could not see the consistency of his wife being interested in Baring Brothers.

Remarkable presence of mind was shown by a man employed in an Indiana saw-mill, who, when his coat-tail was caught in a revolving shaft, clasped his arms about a post, and allowed his outer garment to be skinned off his back in the twinkling of an eye.

A beggar in England carries a physician's certificate, which, when deciphered, is found to testify that the bearer is afflicted with hypocrisy and laziness.

It is a beautiful custom in some Oriental lands to leave untouched the fruits that are shaken from the trees by the wind, these being regarded as sacred to the poor and the stranger.

Frogs are now in great demand for culinary purposes in France. One dealer in Venice exports them at the rate of seventy thousand a week. They cost, in the French markets, thirteen francs the thousand.

A jealous husband in Tennessee broke his wife's nose because he thought her beauty attracted too much attention.

The Khédive of Egypt is coloring a meerschaum said to be worth, with diamond trimmings, forty thousand dollars.

The Turkish postage-stamps are the most beautiful in use.

The Museum.

PERUVIAN bark is known to all the world as an invaluable febrifuge. The name of the tree from which it is derived is *Cinchona* (named after the Countess of Cinchon, wife of the Viceroy of Peru, who is said to have first carried the bark to Europe); it is an evergreen, growing in the tropical Andes, between ten degrees north latitude and nineteen degrees south, at a height of from seven to eight hundred feet above the level of the sea. The tree is usually cut down and then stripped, which is the most economical plan, as fresh shoots spring up from the old roots. The remedial agent in these barks is an alkaloidal substance, the best quality of which is called quinine, and an inferior variety called cinchona. The *Cinchona calisaya*, known in this country as "calisaya-bark," is the richest in quinine of all the varieties. The province of Casabaya is divided by the Cordilleras into two distinct regions; the one forming table-lands, the other comprehending a long series of parallel valleys, and these valleys furnish the greater part of the Peruvian bark. The name of *casacillero* is given to those men who cut the Peruvian bark in the woods; they are brought up to this occupation from their childhood, and instinctively, as one might say, they find their way to the centre of the forest, through almost inextricable labyrinths, as if the horizon were open before them.

They do not gather the bark for their own profit; generally they are enrolled in the service of some tradesman or small company, who send a sort of overseer to superintend their labor. Having fixed upon a portion of the forest favorable to their purpose, the party proceed to make roads to the point which is to be the centre of their operations. The overseer, having established his camp, proceeds to build a *hangar*, or wooden hut, in which he can shelter himself and store his provisions; and, if their stay is likely to be prolonged, he does not hesitate to sow maize and vegetables for the use of the party; the *casacilleros*, in the mean time, wandering over the forest one by one or in small bands, each enveloped in his *poncho*, with provisions for several days, and the blankets which constitute their beds. The forests are rarely composed entirely of *Cinchonas*; but these shrubs form groups more or less numerous, scattered here and there in the depths of the forest; sometimes—and this is commonly the case—they are completely isolated. If the position be favorable, a glance at the branches—a slight display of color, peculiar to the leaves—a particular coloring of these same organs—the aspect produced by a large mass of inflorescence, reveal the branch of the *manchas*, as the Peruvians term the tree, at a great distance. In other circumstances, the *casacillero* must content himself with an inspection of the trunk, in which the outer layer of bark—the fallen leaves, even—are sufficient to make known the neighborhood of the object of their search. Having marked the group, he begins operations by felling the tree with the axe, a little above the root, taking care, in order to lose none of the bark, to bare it at the place where the axe is to be laid; and as the thickest part is surrounded by the largest quantity of bark, and is consequently the most profitable, it is usual to dig out the earth at the foot of the trunk, so that the barking should be complete.

The *Cinchona* is sometimes completely surrounded, as in a pit, with *lianes*, which shoot from tree to tree, and sometimes keep it from falling, even after the trunk is severed. When at last the tree falls, the outer bark is gathered by means of a wooden mallet or the back of an axe. The part thus stripped is then brushed, and divided throughout by uniform incisions. The bark is separated from the trunk by means of a knife, with the point of which the surface of the wood is raised. The bark of the branches is separated much as that of the trunk. The details of dressing the bark vary a little in the two cases; in fact, the thinner plates of the bark of the branches, which make the rolled bark called *canuto*, are merely exposed to the sun, when they take of themselves the desired form, which is that of a hollow cylinder; but those which are the produce of the trunk, and constitute the ordinary bark, which is called *tabla*, are subjected during the drying process to great pressure, without which they would take the shape of the others. After their first exposure to the sun, the squares are disposed one on the top of the other, just like the planks of deal in a timber-yard, and are kept level by means of heavy weights laid on the pile. The next day the squares of bark are put back again in the sun for a short while, then back again into the press, and so on. In this state they are left at last.

But the work of the *casacillero* is not nearly finished, even when the preparation of the bark is over; his spoil has to be conveyed to the camp. With a heavy load upon his shoulder, he has to retrace the in-

tricate paths that he traversed with difficulty without his burden. The care of packing the bark, which devolves upon the overseer, is no unimportant part of the labor. He arranges the different loads, as the cutters bring them into the camp, in parcels, which are sewn up in woollen-canvas packing. In this condition the bales are transported on the

backs of men, asses, or mules, to the town depots, where they are packed in copper, in which state they acquire a great solidity. When dry they are called *surous*, and in this condition they reach Europe or North America. Our description and illustration are derived from Figuier's "Vegetable World."



Gathering Bark in a Peruvian Forest.

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